

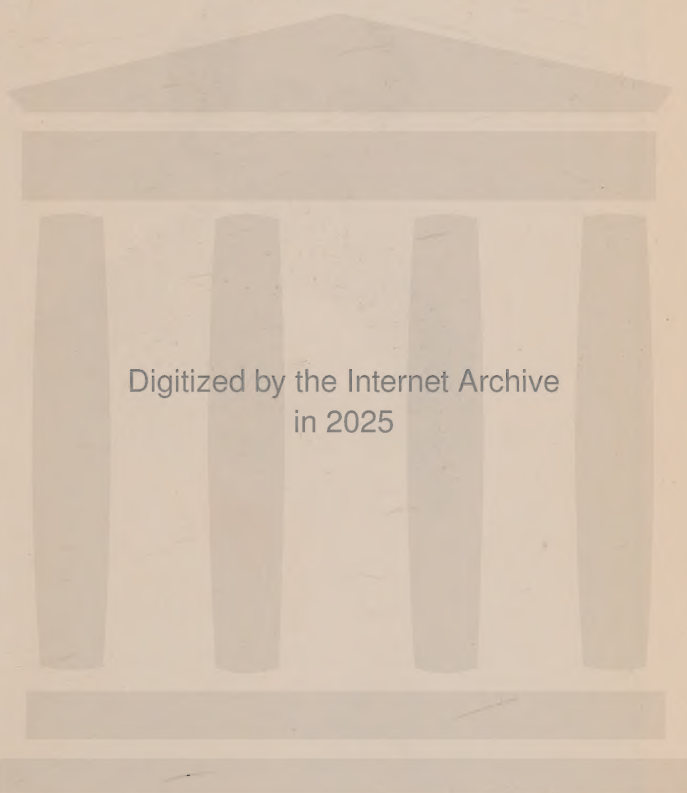
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THE DICKENSIAN

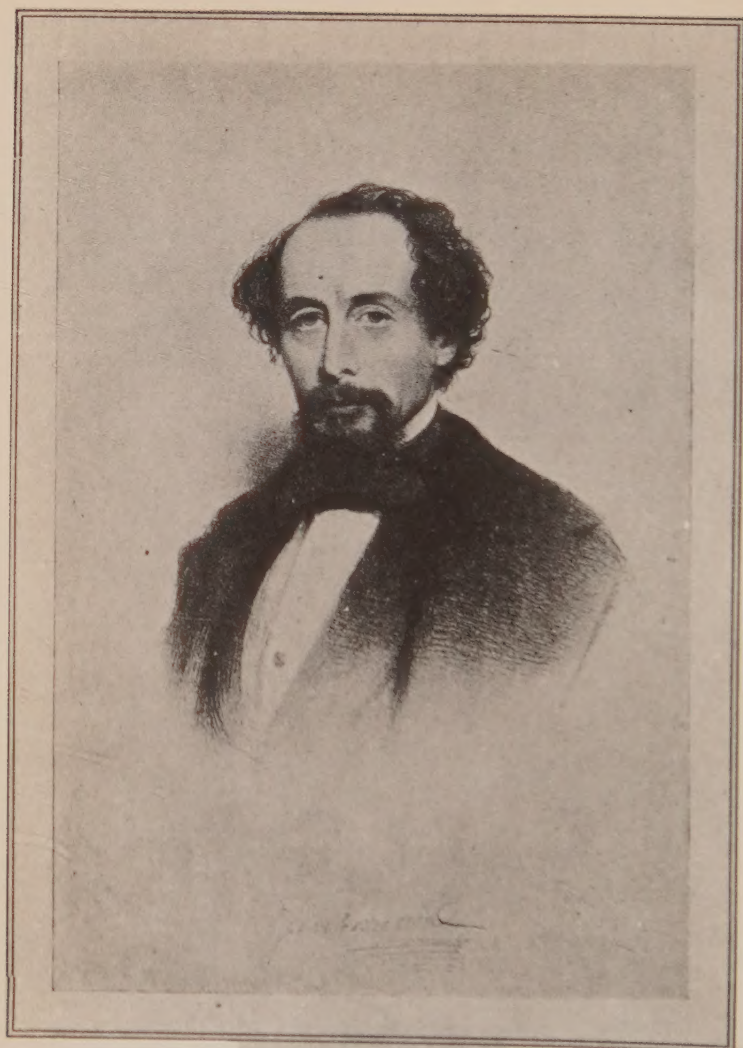
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KRAUS REPRINT



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CHARLES DICKENS
(1858)

THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER



VOLUME
XXXVIII.

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WHEN FOUND—

"As I understand it to be the pleasant custom here to finish with a toast, I would beg to give you—*America and England—and may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them!*"

DICKENS'S stirring words at the dinner given in his honour in Boston one hundred years ago have a particular significance at this hour in our history. The Atlantic, which then took eighteen days to bridge, was not until some years later spanned in a matter of seconds by the telegraph cable; and now peoples of the two nations can effect the crossing in less than as many hours as it used to take days.

* * * * *

Boston, 1942. It is peculiarly appropriate that this Centenary celebration number should owe so much to Boston, where

Dickens first touched the soil of the United States; the amount of the Boston Branch's unsolicited donation foreshadowed in these notes last quarter, has enabled me to increase the size of this issue. Although the pages still fall short of the normal make-up of a pre-war *Dickensian*, this number would have had to be reduced by a further eight pages had it not been for Boston's generosity.

Hail Columbia! and Hail Boston!

* * * * *

Ourselves. I receive so many letters of praise from my readers that

I have been relieved to find in my post a few letters of criticism. Believe me, I welcome these just as much as the others because unless I am told the likes of individual readers I cannot know what is likely to please the majority. Not that I can hope to please everybody; there must be some pages which do not appeal to everyone; some skip the Diary or the Dietary, others the Dickrostics, or the questionnaires, or the lists of Readings; but so long as the majority of readers are content with the majority of the pages, I am satisfied. But, write to me and let me know your likes and dislikes! As for myself, I am torn between two desires; first to present a readable magazine, then to be true to the standard which E. V. Lucas termed "a monument"; for foremost *The Dickensian* must be a storehouse of information. What you may not feel inclined to read to-day you may have great pleasure in reading in five years' time! Appreciation is not confined to the ordinary reader; I recently received an unsolicited letter from the Chief Librarian of one of the largest cities in the Kingdom, in which he said his Library purchased the magazine through the local bookseller and offered his congratulations "for the splendid effort you are making in producing this interesting little magazine throughout these troublous times."

* * * * *

The Balloon Club Headquarters. In the article of page 85 of the last volume, I stated, "on the best authority" that No. 4 Ailsa Park Villas, Twickenham, had been bombed and demolished. So much for rumour, so exaggerated this time as to be

entirely false. Confirmed by the Town Clerk of Twickenham, it was the house next door to that Dickens rented for the summer of 1838 that has been destroyed. I may add that No. 4 Ailsa Park Villas is now known as 134 St. Margaret's Road; the renumbering took place some years ago.

* * * * *

Dickens's Theatre Pass. When the Institute of Journalists held their conference in Keswick in 1938, an ivory disc engraved on one side "Her Majesty's Theatre, 1846," and on the other "Charles Dickens, Esq.," issued when Dickens was editor of "The Daily News," was handed to the Institute by Mr. W. Dennis Wivell, of Keswick, for presentation to Sir Hugh Walpole, President of the year, by the Vice-President, Mr. Alan Robbins, whose father, the late Sir Alfred Robbins, was President of the Dickens Fellowship. By the courtesy of the executors of Sir Hugh Walpole, this most interesting relic has been returned to Mr. Wivell.

* * * * *

No such a Person? We have often remarked in these pages how the Dickens characters have crept into the language for the adornment of literature; even the non-existent Mrs. Harris, as great a character as ever was. But we were not prepared for the introduction of fictitious characters and had to read twice the following lines from Ronald Kirkbride's recent novel "Armerdale":

"He watched her hurry off in the direction of the grocer's. A regular Mrs. Pickwick, he thought, with a smile."

And yet, is Mr. Kirkbride so very wrong? Mr. T. W. Hill has long been of the opinion there was a Mrs. Pickwick (wife of Samuel, that is to say), and he has put his conclusions into an article which will appear in the next number.

* * * * *

The Young, Man of the name of— Master Valentine Ball, writing on Lawyers' clerks in "The Law Times," says that the "Law List" of 1837 contains the name "R. Guppy, Esq., Special Pleader," with an office at 10 Chancery Lane, and wonders if that had ever caught the eye of Dickens. On the other hand, he quotes a letter from a solicitor in Sherborne saying that Guppy was a well-known family in Sherborne and that Dickens had probably come across the name when visiting the town.

* * * * *

Mr. Miller makes a Discovery. Mr. William Miller is putting to good advantage his enforced stay in Boston. At one of the libraries there he has discovered the reproduction of an unpublished portrait of Dickens drawn by Ary Scheffer, which is printed on the opposite page. He also tells me that at the Boston Athenæum he came across a curious satirical book entitled: "My Home and Fireside; Being illustrative of the Speculations of Martin Chuzzlewit & Co., Among the 'Wenom of the Walley of Eden,' by Syr., Philadelphia, 1846." The book contains no less than 384 pages,

and all the old characters such as Jefferson Brick, Hannibal Chollop, Scadder, as well as "The Rowdy Journal," appear in it. "Syr" was the *nom de plume* of Samuel A. Allen.

* * * * *



A Portrait of Dickens by Ary Scheffer, 1864

Recently discovered by Wm. Miller

Music.

Mr. William Miller tells me, with reference to his collection of Dickensian music recently acquired by the Dickens House, about which an article was printed in the winter number of this magazine, that in addition to the music there catalogued, he has notes of many more items for inclusion in his MS. Bibliography of Dickens, on which he has been at work for many years. He has

also been so fortunate as to find in Boston some Dickensian music, the existence of which is new to him. These will also be incorporated in the Bibliography.

* * * * *

Anthology. Mr. Bernard Darwin is particularly busy these days, and good luck to him; he continues to propagate the Dickens gospel in "The Times" Leading Articles; he has had a large share in the new Oxford Dictionary of Quotations—where Dickens looms very largely indeed; and in "At Odd Moments" he has produced a choice anthology which the Oxford University Press publish. Here, as was to be expected, Dickens holds supreme place, with one short of a dozen extracts against six only of each Borrow and Scott, the runners-up. A new Dickens anthology is promised by Constable & Co. There is none better than Mr. Arthur Machen to be entrusted with its compilation, and he promises us the out-of-the-way extracts that he prizes most. There must be a big public for a Dickens anthology at the present moment.

* * * * *

Playing I do not know who it was "playing some impercence
Impercence with" *Edwin Drood* on the radio in September last,
with Drood. but I rather suspect it was the limitation of time set by the B.B.C. that was the cause of the very unsatisfactory two half-hours given to the unfolding of the story. The mystery can't be tasted in a sip; Miss Audrey Lucas has a reputation to uphold and should have declined the limit set on her work. Who was responsible, I wonder, for cutting from the story the reference to the childish exploit of Helena Landless disguising herself as a boy. It was, I know, mentioned as a sideline during the third and last half-hour, when the characters summed up their own positions. But its place was with the other clues in the first portion of the broadcast. Luckily no attempt was made to find a solution; that was the one bright spot on the effort.

* * * * *

Murder On the death of Dickens several stories not very credit-
Will Out. able to him were circulated; one in the Louisville press referred to an insult said to have been offered by Dickens to the proprietor of the Galt House at which he stayed. Even so late as December, 1939, the American paper, "Esquire," published an article titled "The Town that Poisoned Dickens," purporting to be an account of Dickens's visit to Lebanon, Ohio; the article includes an obviously forged letter from Dickens to the proprietor of The Golden Lamb Inn there, written after his return to England. From this it is made out that Dickens became very angry when he was refused brandy with his meal—the house being a temperance one. Dickens, so it is said, menaced the proprietor with his fist, and left the inn without paying his bill. This story, the writer alleges, is vouched for by the descendants of the landlord. The whole story is, however, a fabrication; it so happens the offending novelist was not Dickens, but Captain Marryat. Alice Hegan Rice, the famous creator of "Mrs.

Wiggs," confirms this in her recently published "The Inky Way" (see extract printed on page 62).

* * * * *

Bequests. Mr. William Fulcher Goode, who died in March last, bequeathed five hundred pounds to the Eastbourne Branch, to which both he and Mrs. Goode were always most generous; a few years ago they presented a hall for its headquarters. Miss Harriet Child, of Kingston-on-Thames, for many years a London member, left a legacy of fifty pounds to the Fellowship.

* * * * *

Current Literature. I rubbed my eyes more than once, and for want of a Dickens synonym muttered "Curiouser and Curiouser" when I read page 257 of "The New Statesman and Nation" for September 13th, this second year of the second world war; for the page bears this heading, is signed "Peter Quennell," and is solely devoted to a review of *Our Mutual Friend*. "It would be interesting to know how many readers of this column have recently re-read a novel by Dickens, how thoroughly and with what measure of appreciation . . . *Our Mutual Friend* may provide a convenient starting point. Less hackneyed than *Bleak House* or *David Copperfield*, it contains passages as splendid as anything that is to be found in either novel. It displays the writer's genius at its very highest concentration, but also exhibits his astounding drawbacks . . . but both its qualities and its shortcomings are on the scale of an heroic age." We desire no better testimony of the continued interest in the novels of Dickens.

WALTER DEXTER.

A REAL EXAMINATION PAPER

THE following questions were set in the English Literature paper for the Matriculation examination of the London University in June last.

Dickens: *A Christmas Carol*

33. Explain the references in two of the following quotations, and show their relation to the story:

- (a) "You're particular—for a shade." He was going to say "to a shade," but substituted this as more appropriate.
- (b) "Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."
- (c) "If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

34. Give two examples of humour and two examples of pathos in *A Christmas Carol*. Briefly justify your choice in the case of one example of each group.

35. Give an account of the life of Scrooge as it is revealed in various ways in *A Christmas Carol*.

36. Describe the outward appearance of the Ghost of Christmas Past, and explain the significance of the various items in the description.

WHO, WHEN, WHERE, AND WHAT IN MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

1. Where, in the book, is Mr. Pecksniff stated to have been in two places at the same time ?
2. What did the Goddess Aurora do with her rosy fingers ?
3. Who had two grey eyes, one mobile and the other fixed ?
4. Who was the American Aloe of the human race ?
5. (a) When did Old Martin warn Pecksniff of his real intentions ?
(b) Where did he remind Pecksniff of the warning ?
6. Who said " We do good by stealth, and blush to have it mentioned in our little bills " ?
7. What is the connection between Cauliflower's brother, Mr. Pecksniff's human passions, and a small tradesman called " B " ?
8. Which are the chapters where Mr. Pecksniff's tears are mentioned in association with onions ?
9. Who was the mother of the modern Gracchi, and where did she reside ?
10. Who ran away from his wife and established himself in foreign countries as a bachelor ?
11. Who had long been separated, on account of incompatibility in their drink ?
12. What was the strange language in which the Misses Norris sang ?
13. Who composed a party of three, which started as four ?
14. Who referred to the sun and moon as planets ?
15. What were the consolatory features of a top room at the " Black Bull " ?
16. Who was the American gentleman who appeared on deck in a very shiny tall black hat and with a very small valise of pale leather ?
17. What was the occasion on which Mr. Pecksniff referred to a fiery serpent on Salisbury Cathedral ?
18. Who was blighted by the deadly upas tree of Java ?
19. Where was there an old stuffed fox, devoid of any spark of vigilance, his glass eye having fallen out ?
20. Who was a splendid sample of our native raw material ?
21. Who was admonished to " Provide yourself ! The usual wages or the usual warning " ?
22. What curious error appears in Phiz's illustration of Mr. Moddle and Miss Pecksniff outside a furniture shop ?
23. What was the Christian name of Bailey Junior ?
24. Who remarked that " Hope is said to be the nurse of young desire " ?
25. What was never given to Tom Pinch at dinner ?
26. What remuneration did Mrs. Todgers receive for worshipping the Calf of Baal ?
27. What was the most important part of Mr. Bullamy ?
28. Who remarked, of whom, that she only wanted a pair of wings to be a Syrup ?

W. L. G.

(Answers will be found in the next number).

DICKENS'S FIRST LOOK AT AMERICA

By EDWARD F. PAYNE
(President of the Boston Branch)

AT about the time you will be reading these words, the one hundredth anniversary of the events herein described will be taking place. The Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship hopes to devote its entire 1941-42 season to a review of these events as they occur: The Anticipation, The Arrival, The Visit, and The Departure.

As Boston was called by Dickens his favourite American city, and as what he "would like the whole United States to be," we feel that our theme and programme will be most appropriate.

Dickens reached Boston at 5 p.m., January 22nd, 1842. All good Dickensians know that Boston gave him a most royal welcome which he thoroughly enjoyed. It has been stated by some philosophical historian that owing to the puritanical reserve in thought and action characteristic of New Englanders there was an inclination to a sternness of deportment that precluded the possibility of cutting loose and actually enjoying oneself, but the arrival of so great a celebrity immediately gave those who could get invited to any of the many festivities in his honour a legitimate excuse to eat, drink, and stay up late.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, that dignified character of Boston literature who will ever tower as the inspired author of our "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was, as a young girl, a gay and bubbling bit of lively beauty. This letter of hers to a friend shows how she, as well as many others, found an ecstatic outlet in the universal celebration:

Boston, 1842.

Friday (that's all I know about the date).

... Last night I went to a party at Miss Shaw's given to Boz and me; that is, I was invited first. . . . I was quite pleased that Boz recognised Fanny Appleton and myself, and gave us a smile and a bow *en passant*. He could do no more being almost torn to pieces by the crowd which throngs his footsteps wherever he goes. I like to look at him; he has a bright and most speaking countenance and his face is all wrinkled with lines, not of care, but of laughter. His manners are very free and cordial, and he seems as capital a fellow as one would suppose from his writings.

This extract shows very well the joyous mood in which the famous visitor was receiving the adulation that Bostonians were bestowing so lavishly upon him. Dickens was very happy in his Boston visit and made friends who endured for many years. There was, for instance, the Honourable Jonathan Chapman, then Mayor of Boston, who was one of the principal speakers at the great dinner given to Boz by the Young Men of Boston, on February 1st, and the manner in which he was introduced on that evening by the brilliant toastmaster, Josiah Quincy, Jun., is an example of the then prevalent style of humour Dickens was forced to listen to, but which, to his credit, he seldom

used. After the speech of the historian Bancroft, Mr. Quincy inquired if the gentlemen present recalled the excursion made by Mr. Pickwick and his companions Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle, to Dingley Dell, and the particulars of that melancholy ride. Presuming that they did, he would not detain them with the narration, but would merely read the pathetic words of Mr. Pickwick in reference to the horse which he could not get rid of on that occasion.

"It's like a dream! The idea of a man walking about all day with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of. Gentlemen, I will give you the Mayor—the *horse* that Mr. Pickwick could not get rid of, and the *Mayor* that nobody even wants to get rid of!"

This called up the Hon. Jonathan Chapman, the Mayor, who began: "More than tongue can tell, sir, even if it had ages to *way in*, am I obliged, etc., etc."

It is supposed that the Dickens-Chapman friendship began on that evening. Mayor Chapman was five years older than Dickens, and was therefore about thirty-five in 1842. He was a graduate of Harvard, a member of the Massachusetts bar, and possessed considerable literary ability. He was a man of distinction, and was, of course, an ardent admirer of all the Dickens writings, and was certainly prominent among the distinguished friends the famous author made in Boston.

There is considerable correspondence in existence between the two that indicates a very fervent attachment on the Mayor's part at least.*

After two delightful weeks filled with the best entertainment that Boston could offer, Dickens went on to New York, the great metropolis that had watched with envious eyes the way "Boz Town," as they termed Boston, had entertained the Lion. New Yorkers were determined to make the Boston reception look insignificant by comparison, so they produced the "Boz Ball" on February 14th, a sensation which just escaped being a riot. Undoubtedly that event marked the beginning of Dickens's dislike for America and Americans. On that exact evening Mayor Chapman was writing a letter to his new found friend, a copy of which is preserved with others of the Dickens-Chapman correspondence.

Boston, February 14, 1842.

My dear Friend:

Nothing, I am sure, but the delight of writing those pleasant words "My Dear Friend" as applied to you, could make me so crazy as to write you a letter, when I know that amidst balls and dinners and attentions of a thousand kinds, you not only can have no time to answer, but hardly any to read it: I know all this, and yet after reading to-night your note to me, for the twentieth time—I, in my quiet study, whilst you are in the mazy dance, [at this moment, according to all available testimony, Mr. Dickens was struggling with Kate through a wild, inconsiderate mob of noisy guests who had paid from forty-five to fifty dollars a ticket for the privilege of attending the great Boz Ball,] it speaks to me so like the voice of one long sought, though newly found, yet an old and

* Dickens's letters to Mayor Chapman were published in *The Dickensian*, 1910, p. 212 *et seq.*

familiar friend—that I am impelled by an irresistible impulse to say a word to you. Cold and calculating reason may forbid, but the heart will not. Nay it whispers in this case, that he who wrote that note *will* find time to run his eye over this, and even amidst the whirl of admirers to think of an absent friend. So I take counsel of feeling and bid reason be off. You, I know, will be amongst the last of men to condemn such a course at least occasionally, and if you should find a leisure moment to give to this expression of my most hearty response to the feelings which inspired your note, and of my prompt and devoted entrance into the alliance which you propose in a manner so after my own heart. I say, my dear friend, if you can find leisure enough just to read this simple but heartfelt Amen to every sentiment and expression of your delightful letter, I will make no further claim upon your time at present. And yet one word more, for surely “It was the nightingale, and not the lark”—I feel as if Providence had marked us as friends. I seemed to read it in your face the first moment I looked upon it. I rejoice in this thought because what Providence has ordained neither the bright nor the sad things of life can change. We are destined I know to live on different sides of that ocean which rolled between us at our birth. But as it has not been able to keep us strangers, so I trust and pray that it may have no power to prevent the growth of our intimacy. Depend upon it I will annihilate one-half of its breadth, for, friendship next to love, is man’s wonder working power.

I trust I may see you again in my country, and at no distant day, in yours. And now I say “Farewell My Friend,” adding only under privilege, the advice to take care of yourself amidst the hurricane of attentions, and may God bless you.

Ever your affectionate friend,

Jonathan Chapman.

Well, Dickens took care of himself as best he could, and went on being royally entertained whenever he would allow it, as all Dickens students know who have read Forster’s “Life,” or conned the absorbing pages of *The Dickensian*. He continually talked about an International Copyright, which built up quite a bit of enmity toward him in the ranks of the publisher pirates who printed his stories for nothing as soon as the parts reached the U.S. That the newspapers criticised him for repaying so much hospitality by this criticism of the existing state is evidenced by this vehement letter to his friend Chapman.

Carlton House,
February 22, 1842.

... I have never in my life been so shocked and disgusted, or made so sick and sore at heart as I have by the treatment I have received here in America in reference to the International Copyright question. I, the greatest cock of the existing law alive, say in perfect good humour and disinterestedness (for God knows that I have little hope of its ever being changed in my time) that I hope the day will come when writers will be justly treated—and straightway there fell upon me scores of your newspapers, imputing notices to me the very suggestion of which turns my blood to gall; and attacking

me in such terms of vagabond scurrility as they would denounce no murder with.

I vow to Heaven that the scorn and indignation I have felt under this unmanly and ungenerous treatment have been to me an amount of agony such as I have never experienced since my birth. But it has one good effect of making me iron upon this theme.

He found many things he didn't like in this "Land of the Free," and he viewed with deepest disgust the "detestable morass" of Cairo, Illinois, the "dream city," into whose swamps so much of his *Pickwick* money had gone, as he and his friends had listened to the clever Boston Yankee, Darius B. Holbrook, ace confidence man of 1837, who had sold many Londoners stock in the "Great Cairo City and Canal Company." It is said that Dickens came to the States in 1842 to examine this investment. What he saw he has stated emphatically in *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

It must be admitted that as he journeyed through the States his popularity steadily waned. He saw much to criticise and he frequently did so quite audibly. A search through newspapers of that year will show how his comings and goings were reported. There is a distinct let-down in editorial enthusiasm for the famous young man. A part of this was due to the fact that the novelty of his presence had worn off a bit, and also that he was getting tired of America, so was not always as gracious as he had been at first.

Then, too, he did not see the best part of the cities he visited. No doubt it was his desire to find the dramatic that led him to visit so many prisons and other institutions of a like nature—but such views are a bit like looking at a country through dark coloured glasses.

He had to listen to a lot of rather tiresome speeches: one especially in Richmond, Virginia, where the presiding officer spoke at great length, and in the course of his address presented an idea that must have irritated the young author who was dreaming of an International Copyright law. After lauding Boz to the skies, he exclaimed: "It is impossible for us not to feel respect for such a man and not to welcome him in the bosom of our society. Let us not forget, too, how much we are deeply indebted to that miraculous organ, the Press, for the communication of these pleasures. No sooner is a thought conceived and transferred to Mr. Dickens' paper from his brain, in his solitary chamber in distant England, than it is transmitted by the Press, across the broad Atlantic, with the rapidity of electricity!" And Dickens probably added mentally, "How true—and without so much as a shilling for the man for whom you feel such respect!"

By June he was back in New York, longing to sail for home, extremely anxious to leave the land that had disappointed him, and it appears that his great friend, Mayor Chapman spent a day with him, and was one of a party that went down on the steam tug from Jersey City to Sandy Hook where the sailing vessel *George Washington*, was to take the travellers home.

It will be remembered that his trip over on the steamer *Britannia* had emphatically decided him to *sail* back to England. That oft-

quoted American diarist, Mr. Philip Hone, was also present, and he says that when the party reached the ship they were treated to a luncheon at which there was much champagne, and many speeches and "bright sayings," of which Dickens was, of course, the principal theme. After the repast the guests took affectionate leave of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, and returned to the tug which then towed the ship to a point off Sandy Hook, and cast her off. It will be seen by the following letter how the parting affected Mr. Jonathan Chapman :

July 1, 1842.

My Dear Friend :

. . . As I cannot look upon your face or hear your voice or speak to you with mine, I seize my pen to write down my thoughts and send them to you as they rise. I was bitterly saddened at parting with you in the bay. I was not ready for it. The delightful day I spent with you in New York, by making me better acquainted with you, only made me the more unwilling to part, and after we cut loose from you, I gazed upon your ship until every vestige of her disappeared and I could not really say in my heart "Good bye" until the last line vanished. I had a gloomy sail back, and will you believe it, my thoughts involuntarily took the following form. It is not often, I assure you, that I am seduced from the plain path of prose, and it must be strong emotion indeed which could make me halt in verse ; but as you inspired the verse, and as no one knows better than you how to appreciate hearty feeling even behind a ragged garment, I will tell them to you.

Farewell my Friend, I own the spell
Thy presence flung o'er me—
That as we part, my feelings swell
So lovingly to thee.

'Tis but a moment since thy name
Though known across the sea
Amid its lightness was the same
To thousands as to me.

The bark that bore thee through the gale
A stranger yesterday—
Now homeward turned, with envious sail
A brother bears away.

Is it some magic ? No, 'tis Heaven,
That not to love alone
But ee'n to friendship power hath given
To recognise its own.

We met, we part, far distant climes
Will sever us once more.
We may not, whilst yon bright sun shines
Frequent a common shore.

God guide the bark that bears thee hence
And safe the voyage be past—
Thy life be blessed by Providence
And Heaven thy home at last.

To this letter Dickens replied warmly on August 3rd of the same year from Broadstairs.

... The receipt of your letter gave me inexpressible pleasure. I have read the lines in which you recall our parting many times—always with new interest and a still more eager looking forward to that bright day when we shall meet again on this side of the ocean.

And after telling of his joyful meetings, first with his children, then with Macready and Forster, he says :

I have decided on writing an account of my journeyings in America, and am at this moment busily engaged upon the book. It will be published in a couple of volumes—whether in October (I hope) or November next. I shall be very curious and eager to get your first letter after reading it.

And to this Mayor Chapman evidently replied with a bit of advice. After telling him candidly of the journalistic mud which was being flung at him since his departure, he goes on to say :

... Yes, my dear Friend, with my feelings toward you unchanged I have the inexpressible bitterness of reading and hearing the evidence of this change of general feeling toward you, caused in the manner I have told you. You said in one of your letters to me, "I open my whole heart to you, you see; I write in such a spirit of confidence that I pour out all that I have felt upon this subject." Rejoicing to have you do so, I have done likewise. I have felt possessed with a desire to have you know the whole truth, and I could not be your friend without telling you all that concerns you on this side of the water. You, I know, will appreciate my purpose.

And now, my dear friend, with the key to my feelings which I have given you and with the facts I have stated, and the peculiarities of our people which they indicate, can you wonder that I look with some apprehension for the appearance here of your book on America? Knowing, as I do, how difficult, if not impossible it is to write a book about us under present circumstances which shall place you before our people in the position which you have heretofore held and which I so long to have you occupy, can you wonder at my wish, that instead of writing directly or formally upon the country, you had worked up scenes and characters you met incidentally and in the same way in which you have them which you found elsewhere. However, I presume not to advise you. Your plans are made, and perhaps ere this reaches you the sheets will be printed. I need not say that I shall look for it with the deepest interest, and from the bottom of my heart I trust that it may disabuse the public mind here of all the aspersions which have been thrown upon you, and present you in your true light and as such as I know you to be.

If I know you aright, I need not offer you any apology for this terribly long letter. The theme has absorbed me, and my full heart would be satisfied with nothing less. I promise never to trespass upon you so long again and will keep the promise if I can. What my deep interest in you has prompted your good nature

must forgive, and my dear friend, though the American world would be ever so unjust, believe me,

Ever and most sincerely,

Your affectionate friend

Jonathan Chapman.

Thus it will be seen that some of Dickens's friends hoped that he would not write too critically of us, but *American Notes* was all in type even as Mayor Chapman wrote, and was destined to fan to flame the smouldering resentment toward "Boz."

"The New York Herald" reviewed the book after of course, publishing it in full (and freely) and finished by stating that Mr. Dickens' mind was the "most coarse, vulgar, impudent, and superficial that ever had the courage to write about the ideas and institutions of this original and remarkable country, and that of all the travellers that have ever visited this land he appears to have been the most flimsy—the most childish—the most trashy—the most contemptible!" Brave words, indeed, by a forgotten editor concerning a great genius who will always be remembered!

Mr. Chapman and many other Boston friends got the book and read it. Mr. Chapman also received this answer to his kindly letter of advice. The letter was published in full in the Special American Number of *The Dickensian* for August, 1909. An extract will suffice here:

... And as I have never been deterred by hopes of approbation or visions of greatness, from pointing out abuses at home, so no amount of popular breath shall blow me from my purpose, if I see fit to point out what, in my judgement, are abuses abroad, and if my being an honest man bring down caprice and weather-cock fickleness and the falsest kind of insult on my head, what matters it to me? or to you—or to any man who is worth the name, and being right, can look down on the crowd, and whistle while they hiss?

What is to prevent my writing; the certainty of not pleasing them? How does the certainty appear? By every claim I have upon them being disregarded and cast ruthlessly aside, at the printed bidding of some abandoned fellow and aspersions being freely believed which make me out a lying adventurer... I dispassionately believe that in the slow fulness of time what I have written will have some effect of purging your community of evils which threaten its very existence, and I know that it is said kindly and good humouredly.

Well, when he came in 1867 he saw many improvements. He was received by our people with joy and enthusiasm, and at last, in 1891, the International Copyright Law became a fact. And as a test of fame, can anyone imagine any other visitor of sufficient prominence or influence to upset so thoroughly the equilibrium of the people of the United States with a book of American notes?



ON THE ROAD WITH THE TRENTS

BY T. KENT BRUMLEIGH

PART II

LET us consider a few more curiosities connected with Little Nell and her grandfather.

I.—NELLY'S AGE.

Dickens appears all through the book to wish to convey the idea of a girl about nine or ten years of age—little more than a baby, and yet endows her with the wisdom of a grown-up, and certainly with physical strength and intelligence and capability far beyond her years. He habitually refers to her as "the child," and Master Humphrey calls her "a pretty little girl." Her brother Fred tells Dick Swiveller that she is nearly fourteen, but this seems an under-statement, although Dick thinks she is "a fine girl of her age, but *small*," for Quilp on one occasion regarded her "with extraordinary favour and complacency" (this must have been a fearful struggle for him) and said, among other things, "Say that Mrs. Quilp lives five years, or only four, you'll be just the proper age for me . . . see if one of these days you don't come to be Mrs. Quilp of Tower Hill." Six months after this Nelly is considered old enough to undertake to explain Mrs. Jarley's Collection of Wax Work to visitors, although Miss Monflathers calls her "a wicked little child" and alludes to her as "the wax work child." Again, a month or two later, Nelly is entrusted with the duties of church-keeper at Tong, holds the keys of the church, opening it and closing it for services and shewing it to strangers. (Query: who did this before Nelly was appointed; and who did it during her illness? The sexton was not competent to do it.) She is also intelligent enough to take in all the church lore given to her by the Bachelor. From all this I conclude that Nelly is at the very least fifteen years of age, perhaps sixteen. Think also of her phenomenal walking powers and her ability to do with very short sleeping hours—forty miles in two days carrying a parcel of clothing and a basket.

II.—THE GRANDFATHER'S CONSTITUTION.

Mr. Trent must have had the constitution of an ox. Consider what he accomplished at his age, for he could not have been much less than seventy, although perhaps he *may* have been in the early sixties (but not from the illustrations). Dickens does not give his precise age but treats him all through as though he were a very old man.

After a long and dangerous illness—many weeks unconscious—he gradually recovers with an impaired mind, a "spiritless, listless, passionless creature." But he gets ready at three days' notice to walk forty miles in two days. Next day he does fifteen miles, including a drenching in a storm and dozes over the fire none the worse, going to bed at midnight. Next day he makes a very early start, and after walking sixteen miles sleeps on the racecourse in a tent, probably on the ground. The day afterwards he stands about on the racecourse

all day, and then he must have been feeling the strain, for after two miles he was "quite exhausted" and had to rest before doing a further three miles to the schoolhouse.

His stay with Mrs. Jarley and his light duties probably regenerated him physically and mentally, for he throws off his lethargy and becomes an ardent and enthusiastic gambler—with Nelly's money. The rain on the canal soaked them both thoroughly, but again he suffered no harm and managed to exist on half a penny loaf on one day and a whole penny loaf on the next. On the road to Shifnal he walked the whole way, thirteen miles, by night, except for a short rest in the waggon. On arrival at Tong opportunities for gambling being absent, his zest for life vanished, all the work of getting their home ready falling on Nelly's shoulders. His mind reverts to a childlike devotion to his grand-daughter, whom he cannot bear out of his sight. When she died his robust health enabled him to sit, during the winter, by her grave in the church "every day and all day" from "sunrise to dark," or say from eight o'clock in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon, when he "went home and went to bed." If the church was not warmed, and country churches usually are not on weekdays, he must have been physically very strong, and when he died himself on "a genial day in spring" or sometime in March, it was apparently not from illness, but rather from a lack of will to live—it might be considered ungenerous to suggest that there was no further incentive to gamble, and no money to gamble with.

III.—THE WEATHER.

The summer of the wanderings must have been an extraordinary one; not that extraordinary summers are unknown in England. The prevalence of clear skies, especially at night, is noteworthy. From the middle of June till late in September or early October rain fell only on three occasions, and on two of these was the accompaniment of a thunderstorm: first, when they arrived "drenched" at the Jolly Sandboys; second, one evening when they were kept by a storm at the Valiant Soldier; and third, when they were on the barge, when it rained continuously for two days, and in this storm Nelly, wet through, doubtless sewed the seeds of her gradual decline and death.

This curious summer was followed by a winter as curious. Heavy snow was unusually early, for when Nelly died some time late in December or early January the snow lay deep on the ground, and record is made of the awful weather through which Kit and his companions struggled on their way to Tong. Christmas, a season that Dickens loved, does not appear to have happened in that year.

The trying winter was succeeded by a pleasant spring, for the old man died "on a genial day."

IV.—THE MOON.

Dickens treats the moon with scant courtesy, almost as if it were a stage property. The time of the first wanderings was June, and when

Nelly got up to prepare for the flight it was about three o'clock in the morning. The stars were still shining brightly, and the moon is not mentioned, so it must have been New Moon. Two days later she sees the church in the moonlight. If this happened at ten o'clock at night the moon must have been fairly bright, past the first quarter, as in June it would set at midnight, so let us say ten or twelve days old : a big development in two days. The next morning the moon was still shining when they started on their journey, so it must have been in its last quarter, or at least eight or nine days older in twenty-four hours, as the full moon in June sets about five or six o'clock in the morning. The same night, long before they arrived at the Jolly Sandboys at about nine o'clock, the moon was riding above banks of clouds which finally obscured it when the storm broke : this is almost an impossibility. Four days after this Nelly sees Quilp from the dark shadow of an archway and recognizes him in the moonlight which was shining *down* on the gateway. It must therefore have been fairly high in the sky and nearly or quite at the full. On the departure from Warwick late at night, say 11 o'clock, the moon rose, and before the sun rose, say at 6.30, the moon went down—another impossibility. Only a theatrical producer would dare to take such liberties with a heavenly body. However, it may be said in extenuation that *The Old Curiosity Shop* is a romance, and the moon is proverbially closely associated with romance.



MORE PICKWICK IN WAR TIME

IN addition to the notes made on page 180 of the Autumn *Dickensian*, Dowager Lady Monson has written to say that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford is a stained and battered volume of *The Pickwick Papers* in Russian. The besiegers of Sebastopol found it in September, 1855, among the ruins of the Redan. It was presented to the Bodleian a year later by the Rev. F. J. Holt Beever. Its shelf classification is Arch. Bodl. A. IV. 72.

This most interesting item forms part of a recent Russian Exhibition at the Bodleian Picture Gallery.

VIN AND WICTORY

SAM WELLER of immortal fame,
Was asked how he would spell his name,
"That depends who spells," said he,
"I always spells it with a V."

This is a curious fact I trow,
His name was Weller as we know,
But spelt with W or V
Both stand for Win and Victory.

B. ROBERTSON.

DICKENSIAN MYSTERIES FROM MONTREAL

BY ANDREW PATERSON

I.

IT all began on New Year's Eve. In spite of enemy submarines and airplanes the Winter Number, 1940-41, of *The Dickensian* reached us safely that day, and I spent the evening reading its contents. I was much interested in the "List of Performances of Dickens as an Amateur Actor," and looked to see that his appearances in Montreal were duly recorded. They were as follows :

Date	Place of Performance	Plays presented
1842		
May 25	Montreal, Queen's Theatre	"A Roland for an Oliver," "Past two o'clock in the Morning," "Deaf as a Post."
May 28	Do. do.	Do. do.

As I read these entries I started. I seemed to hear myself saying, "I didn't know there was a Queen's Theatre in Montreal in 1842." I got up and consulted the little brochure issued by the Montreal Branch of the Fellowship in 1928, and, as I suspected, it told of Dickens "acting in three plays" in Montreal "at the Theatre Royal."

But, I mused, Mr. Walter Dexter is a tremendous stickler for accuracy. He must have proof that the performances took place at a "Queen's Theatre." According I next got out my file of *The Dickensian*, and after a little patient searching found what I wanted on page 235 of the Autumn Number, 1939. This was the reduced facsimile of the play-bill in the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, giving the programme of the performances on Wednesday evening May 25th, 1842, and stating the place to be "Queen's Theatre, Montreal."

This seemed to be proof conclusive, but I reflected that the members of the Montreal Branch who compiled the brochure also had claims to accuracy. A few days later, therefore, I called upon Dr. W. H. Atherton, who is regarded as the English-speaking authority on the history of Montreal, and whose "History," in three large volumes, is regarded as the standard work on the subject. Dr. Atherton, who lectures on English at the Université de Montréal, has quite a reputation as a Dickensian. He is one of the charter members of the Montreal Branch of the Dickens Fellowship and is a former President. He has an interesting Dickens association, in that, as a young man teaching in England, he had Admiral Dickens, son of the late Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, as a pupil.

"Where did Charles Dickens perform when in Montreal?" he began in answer to my question. "In the Theatre Royal. No, he could not have performed in the Queen's Theatre, because there was no Queen's Theatre in Montreal at that time. Look," and picking up one of the volumes of his "History of Montreal," he opened it at a page which showed a picture of the Theatre Royal and a facsimile of the playbill.

I examined the latter closely. It was the programme for the performances given on Saturday, May 28th, 1842, and the place was clearly stated as the Theatre Royal!

"But," I persisted, "that's a copy of the programme of the *second* performance. Here's the play-bill for the first, which was given three days earlier, and, look, it states that it took place in Queen's Theatre! What do you make of that?" And I produced my copy of *The Dickensian* with the facsimile of the first programme.

Together we studied it, and, believe it or not, to our further surprise discovered that Dr. Atherton had reprinted it word for word on another page of his history.

"Strange, I never noticed this difference in the name of the theatre before," remarked the Doctor amazed. "But I can assure you there was no Queen's Theatre in Montreal at that date. There was only one theatre, the Royal, built in 1825 and demolished in 1845 to make room for the Bonsecours Market."

We then spent some time going over the two play-bills checking them line for line, even word for word, to discover the reason for this strange mystery. We also consulted the curators at the Chateau de Ramezay. For the benefit of readers it should be explained that the Chateau is a quaint old building in the heart of Montreal which was the official residence of the French Governors in the days of the old régime, and later for a time the residence of the English Governors of Canada. To-day it is a museum for relics of all descriptions relating to the history of Canada and of Montreal in particular.

At the Chateau we received confirmation of Dr. Atherton's assertion that there was no Queen's Theatre in Montreal in 1842. They did not have a copy of the play-bill of May 25th, but they had an original play-bill of May 28th, and this, through their kindness, we reproduce on the opposite page.

A number of differences between the two play-bills will be noticed. On the second evening the play, "High Life below Stairs," was substituted for the farce, "Deaf as a Post." On the second night, being a public performance, the ladies of the garrison did not appear in the cast, but, as Dickens pointed out in his letter to Forster, their places were taken by "real actresses." Apparently in those days it was not considered the thing for ladies to appear on the stage at public performances.

The play-bill dated May 25th looks as though it had been issued privately by the Committee. The second, dated May 28th, was evidently sent out by the Theatre Royal management, judging by the manner in which it is couched. It will be noted that it concludes with an announcement of the professional performance for the following week.

Unfortunately the files of the Montreal newspapers for 1842 are no longer available in Montreal, but I have had the kind assistance of Dr. James F. Kenney, Director of Historical Research of the Public Archives of Canada, in Ottawa, who has sent me a copy of an advertisement appearing in "The Montreal Gazette" of May 28th, 1842.

advertising the second performance for that evening, and a criticism two days later of the plays then presented; in both the only name given to the Theatre is "Royal." It is another mystery that the "Gazette" did not give any account of the private performance on May 25th (it was on this newspaper's press that the programme was printed, it will be recalled), but that the "Montreal Herald" of May 27th did so, and referred to most of the players by name; it gave the place of performance as Theatre Royal, and made no comment on the fact that the programme named the theatre the Queen's.

It would seem probable that the copy of the programme in the Forster Collection is the only one in existence, as I have made enquiries in the press concerning the whereabouts



Theatre Royal.

FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY.

The Manager has the honor to announce a Performance, in which

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

Together with the distinguished

GARRISON AMATEURS,

Whose successful performance on Wednesday last, created such unbounded admiration, will appear.

THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1842,

The Performances will commence with a

ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Sir Mark Chase,
Alfred Higginlyer
Mr. Selbourne,
Fixture.

Maria Darlington,
Mrs. Selbourne,
Mrs. Fixture.

The Hon. P. Methuen.
Mr. Charles Dickens
The Earl of Mulgrave,
Captain Willoughby.

GAME-KEEPERS, &c. &c.

Mrs. A. W. Penson,
Mrs. Brown,
Mrs. Henry.

AFTER WHICH,

Two O'Clock in the Morning.

Snobington,
The Stranger,

Mr. Charles Dickens,
Capt. Granville, 23d Regt.

TO CONCLUDE WITH,

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

My Lord Duke,
Sir Harry,
Lovel,
Coachman.
Freeman,
Phillip,
Kingston,
Tom.

Mrs. Kitty,
Lady Bab,
Lady Charlotte,
Chloe.

Dr. Griffin, 85th Regt.
Capt. Willoughby, 23d Regt.
Capt. Torrens, do
Capt. Granville, 23d Regt.
Earl of Mulgrave.
Mr. Charles Dickens
Mr. Thomas
Mr. Hughes.
Mrs. A. W. Penson.
Mrs. Henry.
Mrs. Brown.
Miss Heath.

The Performance to commence at half-past Seven.

ON MONDAY EVENING,

MRS. AND MR. SLOMAN'S

THIRD APPEARANCE.

MONTREAL, May 28, 1842.

GAZETTE OFFICE.

of any other programme for the private performance and have not received any favourable replies.

My own theory is that the play-bill dated May 25th was not the finished programme, but a printer's proof. If one looks at the facsimile one will note that the names of the performers are not printed, but are written in Dickens's handwriting. It may be, as is often done to save time, the play-bill was set up in advance and proofs given to Dickens to fill in when he had his cast completed. One cannot believe that the names of the performers would be omitted from the programme of the principal performance. Through some error the wrong name was given to the theatre, which would no doubt be corrected by the printer's proof-reader when the proof was returned with the names. If this theory is right it was one of these proof sheets that was sent by Dickens to Forster, and as he was a stranger to Montreal, it was unlikely he would notice that the theatre had been wrongly named.

On the other hand, Dickens sent the play-bill to Forster some days *after* the event, and there is no reason why he should not have then sent a proper programme; it would have saved him the trouble of writing in the names of the performers. "I send you a bill, to which I have appended a key," he writes, which might certainly be interpreted to mean that the finally printed programme had no names of performers on it so that a key was necessary. This receives a measure of confirmation from Dickens himself; he states that Sir Charles Bagot "had no idea who played Mr. Snobington (the part in which Dickens himself appeared) until the piece was over." This might indicate that there were no names on the programme.

Discussing the matter again with Dr. Atherton, there was a young priest present who showed much interest in our conversation. Dr. Atherton argued that the theatre had been styled the "Queen's" in honour of the new Queen Victoria. To this I replied that she could not be styled a new Queen as she had then (1842) been five years on the throne. The priest—I am sorry I did not get his name—intervened and pointed out that the date of the first performance was the 23rd of May, the eve of Queen Victoria's birthday, that the performance obviously would be part of the Garrison's festivities in honour of the occasion, and that it would be appropriate therefore to name the theatre the "Queen's."

II.

But we have other mysteries in Montreal. Take Rasco's Hotel where Dickens stayed while in this city. The building, quite a large structure, still exists in the warehouse section, and is easily identified as it has the name on the front in great gilt letters. Yet this did not prevent one of our best-known Canadian artists from painting a picture a few years ago of a much smaller building, no doubt more picturesque, and naming it Rasco's Hotel.

Even the Montreal Branch were deceived into thinking that this was a picture of the place where Dickens had lived and reproduced the scene in their publications. Happily the keen eye of Dr. Atherton detected the error, and it was at once repudiated.

This incident led to the Montreal Branch identifying the real Rasco's Hotel with a marble tablet, which was unveiled during the Convention of the North American Branches of the Fellowship some ten years ago. Incidentally, at the moment that these notes are being written, structural alterations are being carried out at Rasco's Hotel, and advantage has been taken of the opportunity to have the tablet repaired and erected on a more suitable site on the building.

Rasco's Hotel was the leading hotel in the city in 1842. It was known for a time as the Masonic Hotel and here stayed many of Canada's great men of the past and the most prominent visitors to the city. It was erected at a cost of \$50,000, while the furnishings cost \$10,000, quite a sum in those days. The official inauguration took place on May 1st, 1836, and Mr. Rasco advertised in the Montreal and Quebec newspapers that he could lodge 80 guests, that there were



THEATRE ROYAL.

several salons, a concert hall, a music hall, and a restaurant. The top floor dominated all other buildings, and it was one of the biggest hotels in Montreal. In 1839 Rasco built a second section beside the first so that at this latter date the famous hotel-keeper could accommodate 150 guests. The ancient building still stands in the congested business section of the city, but has been abandoned as a hotel for years. It is now devoted to the purpose of a warehouse, nothing being left to indicate its past interesting history but the gilded wooden letters bearing the old name over the first storey.*

In this respect Dickensians are indebted to the contractor, a cultured French-Canadian named G. R. Martin, who has displayed the deepest interest in the association of Dickens with the building. A small street having been opened up beside the hotel, he persuaded the City Council to name it "Charles Dickens Street," and the legend, "Rue

* From an article by George Sale, "Montreal Gazette," 7th February, 1930.

Charles Dickens," has been erected at the corner. Mr. Martin mentioned to the writer that some of the Aldermen—they were all French—thought that Charles Dickens was too great a man to have such a small street named after him, and that they ought to honour him with a more important thoroughfare. On the other hand he argued that, as Dickens had been associated with the neighbourhood of Rasco's Hotel, this was the place to name a street after him. This is mentioned to show that Dickens is not unknown to our French-Canadian fellow-citizens.

But we have still another Dickensian mystery. There is an old restaurant in Montreal—that is to say it is old as restaurants in this city go—which claims that it was honoured with the patronage of Charles Dickens when he visited this city. Whenever an article on our old restaurants is published in the local press that claim is always made. Indeed, not so long ago, a local paper, in its "anniversary,"



RASCO'S HOTEL

column, recalled that Henry F. Dickens, afterwards Sir Henry Dickens had passed through Montreal and had visited the St. Lawrence Hall where his father had frequently been a guest.

What are the facts? First, that Charles Dickens was only once in Montreal. Secondly, that the St. Lawrence Hall did not come into being until eight or nine years after Dickens paid that historic visit!

Yet historic is scarcely the word for that visit; for as the above notes show, when Dickens came to Montreal he apparently acted in a theatre that did not exist, and he dined in a restaurant opened several years after he paid his one and only visit.

Little wonder that one of the wags of the Montreal Branch was moved to remark, "Perhaps as Betsey Prig said of Mrs. Harris, perhaps 'there's no sich a person' as Charles Dickens!"

[More interesting notes on Dickens's visit to Canada by Mr. Paterson will appear in the March number. — EDITOR.]

THE DICKENS DIETARY

By T. W. HILL

III—SPECIAL OCCASIONS

THE old and well-established English custom of marking special occasions with a meal of some sort was one that appealed with particular force to Dickens—a thoroughly representative Englishman. All through his life he liked to keep his own birthday, or, indeed, anyone else's birthday, with table honours; he celebrated the completion of many of his novels by giving a dinner-party to his immediate friends; a complimentary banquet marked his departure from America in 1868; his theatrical adventures in "Splendid Strolling" are punctuated with little informal banquets. From personal experience, therefore, no one knew better how such feastings should be conducted, and in his works there are several descriptions of a variety of celebrations lit up by his inimitable humour and his kindly sympathies.

I—BIRTHDAYS

Who, having read it, can ever forget the way in which the military Bagnets kept "the old girl's birthday"? In a household where "discipline must be maintained," Mrs. Bagnet, to whose judgment Mr. Bagnet always deferred in all matters great and small, for this one day in all the year allowed herself to do nothing but sit in her best gown, her wholesome brown fingers itching to prevent what she saw going wrong, and left everything to her husband: the marketing, the cooking, and the service of the birthday dinner—roast fowls of a phenomenal age and toughness. It must be added that vegetables are not mentioned so that there is no need to deal with the washing of greens, the one occupation to which, according to Mr. George, she devoted the whole of her life; he never remembered seeing her when she was not doing so. At long last the perilous process of washing up and clearing away accomplished, pipes, tobacco, and something to drink are placed on the table and the Old Girl enjoys the first peace of mind she ever knows on the day of this delightful entertainment. Although the Bagnets were a family living on only a soldier's pension they could afford a pair of fowls for so important an occasion. But fowls, especially triumphs of toughness, were much cheaper then than they are in 1941.

Let us ascend a little in the social scale to the level of the prosperous merchant and see how the Cheeryble Brothers celebrate the birthday of their chief clerk, Tim Linkinwater. Which particular birthday it was is not stated, but as Tim had been in the Cheeryble establishment for forty-four years we can vaguely guess that it was the fifty-ninth or sixtieth anniversary supposing him to have gone to his clerkship soon after leaving school. Dinner was served at five o'clock by an ancient butler of apoplectic appearance who had served the Brothers for a quarter of a century. What the company had for dinner is not recorded although we know it began with soup and was accompanied by champagne. After dinner a magnum of double-diamond

port was ceremoniously fetched up from the cellar, and the warehouse staff and the domestics were ushered in to drink Tim's health. Then came tea and coffee and a round game of cards. At ten-thirty there appeared a little tray of sandwiches and a bowl of bishop, the memorable day terminating at eleven o'clock—late hours for the square. Altogether a worthy celebration of a worthy servant by worthy employers.

Move we now to still higher circles ; to wit, the Podsnap environment. It is Georgiana's eighteenth birthday. A dinner must be given " which will enable us to clear off all those people who are due " to receive the Podsnap hospitality. Dickens must have been an embarrassing guest to have at a pretentious gathering, sitting back quietly and without moving his head, turning his eyes in every direction taking in every detail and seeing the comic aspect of every incident. He had been from a child " extraordinarily observant and full of droll fancies and was what his generation would have called a ' quiz.' " Nothing escapes him. See what he says of the Podsnap celebration : " Hideous solidity was the characteristic of the Podsnap plate . . . a corpulent straggling epergne blotched all over as if it had broken out in an eruption rather than been ornamented . . . big silver spoons and forks widened the mouths . . . " The dinner is described as being a " haunch of mutton vapour-bath which receives a gamey infusion and a few last touches of sweets and coffee." This repast is consumed to the accompaniment of music provided by a " discreet automaton " who, seen through the bars of the piano music desk " presented the appearance of a captive languishing in a rosewood jail." The bathers in the vapour-bath are classified as bald bathers, sleek-whiskered bathers, prowling bathers, and bathers of the gentler sex. There was little youth present and " poor little Miss Podsnap kept herself out of sight and mind as much as she could and appeared to be counting on many dismal returns of the day."

II—WEDDINGS

For wedding anniversaries we can start on the higher level and see how Dickens treats the first anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lamble—the couple who had both married for money and had both been disappointed. Nervous little Twemlow, Lady Tippins the divine, Mortimer Lightwood and Eugene Wrayburn, Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, Mr. Boots, Mr. Brewer, Fascination Fledgeby, and little Georgiana Podsnap, all crowd into the small rooms in Sackville Street where a breakfast is served, for there is not sufficient accommodation for a full-dress dinner. Everything on table showy and gaudy, but with a self asserting temporary and nomadic air on the decorations. Mr. Lamble's own particular servant behind his chair: Veneering's man, whom he has brought with him, stands behind his chair, looking as usual like a gloomy analytical chemist, one mistrusting the master's acquaintances, the other mistrusting the master. The actual viands provided are not particularised, but they include a " plentiful supply of the fruits of the earth (including grape-juice in the category)."

After breakfast adjournment is made to the drawing room for conversation in groups and presently the groups break up : goodbye and goodbye—charming occasion—worthy of the Golden Age—Dunmow Flitch of Bacon. . . .

Our next example is drawn from a lower stratum, but eminently respectable : the wedding anniversary of a humble clerk, Mr. Rumpty Wilfer. He and his wife had seen a full quarter of a hundred more anniversaries than Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, but they still celebrated the date on which Rumpty was distinguished by the preference of his wife, although, owing to the fact that Mrs. Wilfer held it in a sombre darkling state of heroic endurance and heroic forgiveness, accompanied by a mysterious and unaccountable toothache that annually marks her wedding day, her meek husband, known to his two daughters as the cherub, is reduced to a condition of abject apologetics. A family celebration must, for Dickens, connote a pair of fowls as in the case of the Bagnets ; these were provided by Bella out of the ample pocket-money allowed to her by the Golden Dustman, and were received by her mother with great, almost sovereign, dignity. "Ma," said Bella full of high spirits, "I mean to be Cook to-day." "Hold," rejoined that majestic female, "I cannot permit it." But she had to, and also to offer a few hints to help the amateur. So Bella gets to work whilst her mother waves her gloves—the wearing of gloves by a Dickensian lady is always a sign of extreme gentility—in abdication of her culinary throne, whilst the irrepressible Lavvy lays the cloth with whisks and bumps as if she were raising the wind, putting down glasses and salt-cellars as if she were knocking at the door and clashing the knives and forks with a suggestion of hand-to-hand skirmishing. The majestic Ma recommending an examination of the bacon in the saucepan, of the potatoes by the application of a fork, and the preparation of the greens, the dinner is at length placed on the table as Lavvy's sweetheart (transferred from Bella) arrives. The fowls, as one might expect, were "not done," for Bella had sometimes allowed them to come nearly to a standstill in front of the fire and then had given them such a fierce twist that they had spun round so swiftly as to take away any chance of proper cooking. "What makes them pink inside ? Is it the breed ?" So they have to be dismembered for Pa to grill them, with much innocent merry by-play, Ma's sepulchral resignation acting as a fine corrective. After dinner the usual toasts are drunk, as if they were solemn incantations over the dead, with tremendous stiffness. Ma then indulges in a long retrospect of her own forbears, delivered in an awful tone that cows her audience into frozen silence. At the end of this depressing entertainment Bella addresses her Pa : "Well, dear Pa, the anniversary may be considered over." "Yes, my dear, there's another of 'em gone." One can only imagine the sigh of relief that accompanies this remark, but one may draw the obvious moral for timid young men : Never marry a stately woman.

III—CHRISTENINGS

Christenings are not often celebrated in any great style, although

proud parents do sometimes make a little fuss on the occasion of the baptism of a first-born. Dickens as a young man not more than two-or-three-and-twenty wrote a delightful sketch entitled "The Bloomsbury Christening." It is chiefly concerned with the sinister machinations of a surly old man named Nicodemus Dumps who is invited to the christening of the first child of his nephew, Mr. Charles Kitterbell, to propose the usual toast of the felicitous future of the unconscious infant. The ceremony at the church passed off successfully with the exception of Dumps's foreboding of measles, thrush, teeth-cutting, and other interesting infantile diseases, and his subsequently nearly dropping the baby into the font as he handed him to the clergyman. Then Dumps returned to his office till the evening, when the christening party was to be held. A Bloomsbury party in the early nineteenth century was by all accounts the forerunner of the musical evening of a later date. It was a gathering of some five-and-thirty people, waited on by a greengrocer hired for the evening to act as butler, a piano and two violins who had already done a hard day's work on the Margate steamer, a card table, a lamp in the passage, and a Venus holding a candle on the landing. Two dozen extra tumblers and four ditto wine-glasses were on the slab in the passage and there was a great smell of nutmeg, port wine and almonds on the staircase, and the tables accommodated a sprinkling of little baskets, paper table mats, pink and gold albums, and rainbow-bound little books. The baby was overburdened with names: Frederick Charles William Kitterbell, and these initials F.C.W.K. Mr. Dumps had had engraved on a handsome silver mug with the customary untrained grape-vine-looking flourishes and a large full stop. Of this mug Mr. Dumps was relieved by a thief who (accidentally) bumped into him on the way to the party. They had quadrilles and a display of small jokes by a reputed wit who imitated the French horn and sung comic songs. The sit-down supper was excellent; four barley-sugar temples which would have looked beautiful had they not melted away in the heat, a water-mill that covered the tablecloth with water, fowls, tongue, trifle, sweets, lobster salad, potted beef, negus, rout-cakes, bon-bons—everything. Mr. Kitterbell, who considered it his duty, with a view to promoting hilarity and good fellowship, to laugh at everything, kept calling for more plates that did not come, and the greengrocer ran about till he thought his seven-and-sixpence very hardly earned. Then Mr. Nicodemus Dumps arose to propose a toast, almost as ill-natured as the spell cast by the wicked fairy on the Sleeping Beauty. He hoped the baby would not have later to face trials, sufferings, afflictions, and heavy losses, that he might not be carried off by premature decay, that his *apparent* health would not contract any lingering disease, and finished with a quotation: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," and this unapt sentence on top of the rest brought on a fit of hysterics to Mrs. Kitterbell, necessitating applications of vinegar, hartshorn, and cold water. The subsequent fate of the infant is not known, but Dumps was heard by his landlady to laugh after he had locked his bedroom door.

Again we mount the social ladder for the ostentatious christening of Little Paul Dombey, which took place on an iron-grey autumnal day with a shrewd east-wind blowing. The way in which Dickens sets the scene amounts to genius. Mr. Dombey in his buttoned coat* was as hard and cold as the weather. But stately, of course. The chief difference between the christening party on the way to church and a party in a mourning coach consisted in the colours of the carriage and horses. In the church the tall shrouded pulpit and reading desk (it was the day of the old "three-decker"), the dreary perspective of empty pews stretching away under the galleries and empty benches mounting to the roof and lost in the shadow of the great grim organ; the dusty matting and the cold stone slabs; the grisly free seats in the aisles; the damp corner by the bell-rope where the black trestles used for funerals were stowed away along with shovels and baskets and a coil or two of deadly-looking rope; the strange, unusual, uncomfortable smell and the cadaverous light; were all in unison. It was a cold and dismal scene. Mr. Dombey remained as impassive as ever and matters did not improve on their return home where they found the bust of Mr. Pitt turning up his nose at a cold collation, set forth in a cold pomp of glass and silver, looking like a dead dinner lying in state. There was cold fillet of veal, some cold preparation of calf's head, cold fowls, cold ham, cold patties, cold salad, cold lobster. There was a toothache in everything. The wine was so bitter cold that it forced a little scream from Miss Tox. The party seemed to get colder and colder and to be gradually resolving itself into a congealed and solid state, like the collation round which it was assembled, when Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox both rose and said it was really time to go, an announcement received by Mr. Dombey with perfect equanimity.

V—THE HEIGHT OF FASHION

But let us turn to something more cheerful than these inauspicious christenings. Dickens had no opportunities in his young days of mixing with people of the Dombey class, but the time came when he was as well acquainted as any of his contemporaries with life in Society with a capital S, and then he allowed his satire (which never degenerated into bitterness) full play and gave us inforgettable pictures. His descriptions may perhaps lack some of the exuberance of his earlier delineations of meals in more humble homes, but his personal enjoyment is just as manifest and the truth is delightfully apparent. The present occasion is a house-warming, if that term could be applied to any function in the Dombey ménage—a dinner party; one of a series of entertainments in celebration of the recent marriage of Mr. Dombey to Edith Granger. The proceedings commenced with Mr. Dombey in a cravat of extraordinary height and stiffness walking restlessly about the drawing-room. The company comprised an East India

* "All buttoned-up men are weighty. All buttoned-up men are believed in. Whether or no the reserved and never-exercised power of unbuttoning fascinates mankind; whether or no wisdom is supposed to condense and augment when buttoned up, and to evaporate when unbuttoned; it is certain that the man to whom importance is accorded is the buttoned-up man."—*Little Dorrit*, Book II, Chapter 12.

director of immense wealth, a Bank director reputed to be able to buy up anything, chairmen of public companies, elderly ladies carrying burdens on their heads for full dress, Cousin Feenix, Major Bagstock and others, while the household produced besides Mr. Dombey, Mrs. Dombey, beautiful, proud and as disdainful and defiant as if her bridal wreath had been a garland of steel spikes, the Honourable Mrs. Skewton—and Florence. They all sat round the glittering table, busy with their glittering spoons and knives and forks and plates, and might have been taken for a grown-up exposition of Tom Tiddler's Ground picking up gold and silver: in the centre of the table was a plateau of precious metal frosted, whereon frosted Cupids offer the company scentless flowers. They passed through the successive stages of rich meats and wines, continual gold and silver, dainties of earth, air, fire and water, heaped up fruits, and that unnecessary article in Mr. Dombey's banquets—ice. It must have been a withering experience for Florence to see how ill at ease was her father, how little regarded by the glittering throng, and to see how his wife received introductions with proud coldness, showing no interest and not opening her lips. Mr. Dombey's guests and Mrs. Dombey's guests did not mix at all well, and the general dissatisfaction and discomfort so diffused itself that the assembled footmen in the hall were as well acquainted with it as the company above.

How ridiculous it all seems, and yet how real. This is of course the impression that Dickens wants to create.

Another ceremonial dinner party, almost a parallel to the Dombey function, is that given by the "Great and Wonderful Merdle," a money magnate of quite a different type from the merchant prince. Merdle did not shine in company, he had not much to say for himself and was mostly to be found, even in his own house, against walls and behind doors. To Merdle's dinner party came magnates from the Court, magnates from the City, magnates from the Commons and magnates from the Lords, magnates from the Bench and magnates from the Bar, Bishop magnates, Treasury magnates, Horse Guards magnates, Admiralty magnates—all the magnates that keep us going, and sometimes trip us up; and all prepared to do homage at the Merdle shrine and if possible to pick up appetising titbits of financial lore that might bring them some personal advantage. Merdle arrived last, when all the company were already assembled detained in the clutches of great enterprises. Powder! There was so much Powder in waiting that it flavoured the dinner. Pulverous particles got into the dishes, and Society's meats had a flavouring of first-rate footmen. Mrs. Merdle was magnificent, and the next magnificent institution of the day was the Chief Butler who was the statchest man in company. He did nothing, but he looked on as few other men could have done. Society had everything it could want and could not want, for dinner. It had everything to look at, and everything to eat, and everything to drink—and Mr. Merdle's own share might have been paid for with eighteenpence. After dinner the magnates gradually floated upstairs until there was no one left below but Mr. Merdle, who, after looking

at the tablecloth until the soul of the chief butler glowed with a noble resentment, went slowly after the rest and became of no account in the stream of people on the grand staircase. Mrs. Merdle was at home, the best of the family jewels were hung out on the Bosom to be seen ; Society got what it came for. Mr. Merdle drank twopennyworth of tea in a corner and got more than he wanted. Does the reader visualise Dickens moving in such company ; taking mental notes, storing incidents in his retentive memory, and inwardly smiling at the futility of it all ?

Again we see the Merdle establishment when a dinner is to be given at which momentous decisions are to be taken. The great Tite Barnacles are to be present, attended by the Bishops, the Bench, the Bar and all the rest. Why does Dickens take such pains to include two of these important functions in one book ? He wanted to shew up the system with all the power he had ; the ostentation, the toadying, the " pulling of the strings." It was a dinner to provoke an appetite ; the rarest dishes sumptuously cooked and sumptuously served ; the choicest fruits ; the most exquisite wines ; marvels of workmanship in gold and silver, china and glass ; innumerable things delicious to the senses of taste, smell and sight were incorporated into its composition. O, what a wonderful man this Merdle, what a great man, what a master man, in one word what a rich man ! The Chief Butler, the Avenging Spirit of this great man's life, relaxed nothing of his severity. He was a hard man and would never bate an ounce of plate or a bottle of wine. He set forth the table for his own dignity. Mr. Merdle took his usual poor eighteenpennyworth of food in his usual indigestive way. . . .

V—BELOW STAIRS

Such glimpses as we have had of domestic servants in the foregoing extracts have figured them in their relation with their employers. Let us now have one or two pictures of these servants in their own domain, especially at meal-time, always recollecting that the times depicted were before the spread of education, and that it was quite the usual thing for servants to ape their masters as much as they could.

Our first examples come from *Pickwick*. The outstanding picture in every one's mind is, of course, the celebrated swarry to which Sam Weller was invited by the Bath footmen. Although it was not actually held in the servants' quarters of a private house, it was a genuine servants' occasion and would have been exactly the same if accommodation could have been found for it in one of the many large houses which the city contains. The meal consisted of " boiled leg of mutton with the usual trimmings " (caper sauce, turnips and potatoes) ; each diner provided his own drink ; some preferred " cold scrub-and-water," others had gin-and-water, and there was a bowl of punch. Oysters on Sam's order concluded the feast. No summary could possibly do anything like justice to Dickens's own detailed description, so none is attempted. It will suffice to note the transference of the upstairs table manners to the servants' supper ; the haughtiness of the master becomes in the man petty tyranny over the luckless greengrocer who waits at

table (in gloves); the more or less natural diction of the employer becomes an appalling affectation in the mouths of the servants; the commonplace decencies of conversation and behaviour in the drawing-room become amusing caricatures of delicacy in the servants' quarters; the ceremonious taking of snuff by the Quality is delightfully reproduced ("coffee is the best practice"); the jealousies and rivalries of Society are reflected in the gorgeous and extravagant liveries—"crimson coat and red breeches," "green-foil smalls," "orange-coloured plush," "purple cloth," "light blue suit with leaden buttons"; the invitation to the Swarry was written on gilt-edged paper and sealed with bronze wax, almost like a *billet-doux*, but that the final effect was marred by the use of the top of a door-key instead of a seal.

That discipline is rigidly enforced below stairs can be seen in the scene in the kitchen of Mr. Nupkins's house at Ipswich. Mr. Muzzle, the footman, is very formal in his first reception of Sam but soon melts and offers him a wash at the sink and a clean jack towel. "Only two ladies in our kitchen, cook and 'ousemaid. We keep a boy to do the dirty work and a gal besides, but they dine in the washus. We tried 'em at our table when they first come but we couldn't keep 'em. The gal's manners is dreadful vulgar and the boy breathes so very loud while he is eatin' that we found it impossible to sit at table with him . . . the worst of country service is the juniors is always so very savage." The food was plain but wholesome, consisting, according to the record, of cold meat, and beer, with plenty of laughter caused by the fascinating ways of Mary (egged on by cook) and the gallantry of Sam; Mr. Muzzle, who is to marry the cook, benignly looking on.

At Osborne's Hotel in the Adelphi, Joe the fat boy is taken by Mary to the servants' quarters and regaled with a jolly meat pie of large dimensions, although there was also on the table a steak and a dish of potatoes and a pot of porter. Here took place the only instance of love-making ever recorded of Joe. With elephantine playfulness he stretched out his arms to ravish a kiss from Mary, but as it required no great agility to elude him, his fair enslaver had vanished before he closed them again. He consoled his wounded spirits (if they were wounded) with a pound or so of steak, and thereafter slept.

[In parenthesis, the writer finds it hard to understand the domestic arrangements of an hotel where there must have been a fairly large staff of efficient servants; how was it that Emily's maid, Mary, was permitted to entertain Joe in the servant's hall? Where were the steward, the butler, the housekeeper, and the other upper servants all this time? The illustrations shew only a small square table, an unlikely arrangement unless the room be the housekeeper's private room; it appears rather like the ordinary servant's room of a small private house in the suburbs; where did Mary go when she went home just after dressing Emily for dinner? Did she return to Dingley Dell or Manor Farm? Who waited at the dinner-table, for the diners numbered at least six people, and one boy, even a fat boy, could not do it? There were waiters about or Mr. Wardle would not have wanted them called to restrain Joe when he pricked Mr. Pickwick's

leg, but there is no mention of their having served the dinner, and in any case they were not there when wanted.]

In *Dombey and Son* we are introduced to the staff of a rich merchant, a staff that shares in the elaborate wedding-breakfast after Dombey's nuptials. Champagne has grown too common to be mentioned, and roast fowls, raised pies, and lobster salad have become mere drugs. There is a general redness in the faces of the ladies. Mr. Towlinson, the footman, has proposed the happy pair and the silver-haired butler has responded neatly, with emotion. Then they all hurry upstairs to witness the departure of the bride. When the happy pair have departed the long excitement of the preparations and the strain of the great event cause everyone to imagine it to be, at the earliest, ten o'clock at night whereas it is not yet three in the afternoon, so some of the staff indulge in a nap.

Let us take a peep into the same quarters when the House of Dombey fell and the staff have to look to their future. Misfortune in the Family without feasting, in the lower regions, couldn't be. Therefore cook tosses up a hot dish or two for supper, and Mr. Towlinson compounds a lobster salad to be devoted to the same hospitable purpose. Even Mrs. Pipchin, agitated by the occasion, rings the bell and sends down word that she requests to have that little bit of sweetbread that was left, warmed up for her supper, and sent to her on a tray with about a quarter-of-a-tumbler-full of mulled sherry, for she feels poorly.

One would have liked to have a description of the demeanour of Veneering's fifth retainer (The Analytical) and of Merdle's Chief Butler (the Avenging Spirit) in the intimate surroundings "below stairs," but this is a pleasure that we have to forgo for want of material.

The kitchen of a small suburban house where only one maid-of-all-work is kept can hardly be dignified by the name of servants' hall, but the meal given to Kit Nubbles by Mr. Garland demands mention. There never was such a kitchen heard of out of a toy-shop window, with everything in it bright and shining and precisely ordered. Kit sat down at a table as white as a table-cloth to eat cold meat, and drink small ale, and use his knife and fork the more awkwardly as he was waited on by Barbara, who busied herself shelling peas into a dish.

Postscript.—It is feared that in this article there are not many direct allusions to food and feeding, but it is thought that a series of articles on the Dickens Dietary should include references to the manner in which food was served and consumed in Dickens's day; it will be appreciated that in spite of changing customs and lapse of time things have not altered very much since he ceased to contribute to "the gayety of nations" and the "public stock of harmless pleasure."

DICKROSTICS SOLUTION

See Page 199 (1941 vol.)

No. 5.—"May the present moment be the worst of our lives." 1, Evans; 2, Edmunds; 3, Trotter; 4, Raddle; 5, Osbornes; 6, Artful; 7, York; 8, Infant; 9, Mantalini; 10, Linkinwater; 11, Marchioness; 12, Nubbles; 13, Rudge; 14, Edward; 15, Hugh; 16, United; 17, Slyme; 18, Slowboy; 19, Feeder; 20, Edith; 21, Barkis; 22, Murdstone; 23, Orfing; 24, Endell; 25, Tulkinghorn; 26, Nemo; 27, Vholes; 28, Ernest; 29, Onowenever; 30, Pumblechook; 31, Trabb; 32, Edson; 33, Twemlow; 34, Wren; 35, Reginald; 36, Orange; 37, Sapsea; 38, Twinkleton; 39, Honeythunder.

SOME AMERICAN CHARACTERS

BRICK, JEFFERSON.—A small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance and unwholesomely pale in the face; partly, perhaps, from intense thought, but partly, there is no doubt, from the excessive use of Tobacco, which he was at that moment chewing vigorously . . . Upon the upper lip of this young gentleman were tokens of a sandy down; so very, very smooth and scant, that although encouraged to the utmost, it looked more like a recent trace of ginger-bread than the fair promise of a moustache.

CHOLLOP, MAJOR HANNIBAL.—Usually described by his friends, in the South and West, as "a splendid sample of our native raw material, sir," and was much esteemed for his devotion to rational Liberty; for the better propagation whereof he usually carried a brace of revolving pistols in his coat pocket, with seven barrels a-piece. He also carried amongst other trinkets a sword-stick, which he called his "Tickler," and a great knife which (for he was a man of a pleasant turn of humour) he called "Ripper," in allusion to its usefulness as a means of ventilating the stomach of an adversary in a close contest.

DIVER, COLONEL.—A sallow gentleman, with sunken cheeks, black hair, small twinkling eyes, and a singular expression hovering about that region of his face, which was not a frown, nor a leer, and yet might have been mistaken at the first glance for either . . . Composed into an aspect of great profundity, the gentleman twitched up the right-hand corner of his mouth, and his right eye, simultaneously, and said . . . "I am the Editor of the New York Rowdy Journal . . . the organ of our aristocracy in this city."

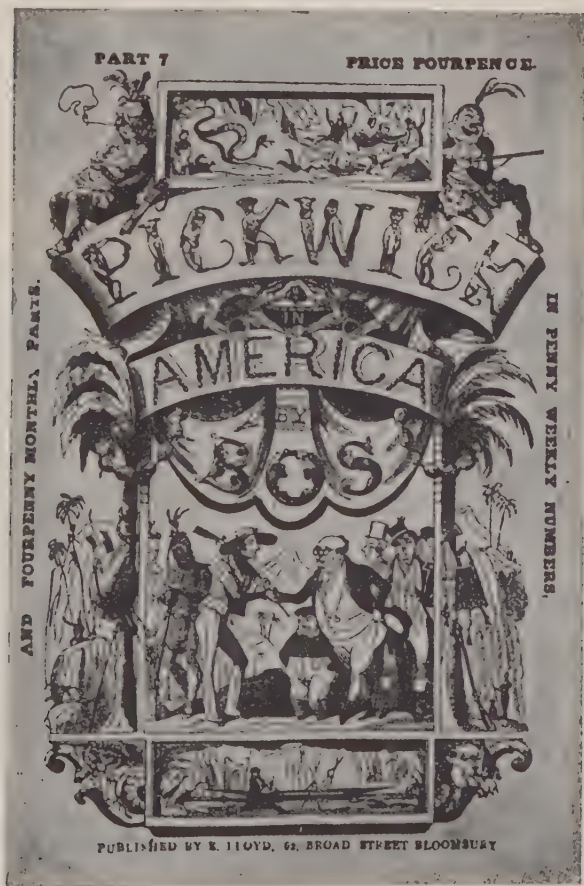
HOMINY, MRS. Could not be considered young—that was a matter of fact; and probably could not be considered handsome—but that was a matter of opinion. She was very straight, very tall, and not at all flexible in face or figure. On her head she wore a great straw-bonnet, with trimmings of the same, in which she looked as if she had been thatched by an unskilled labourer; and in her hand she held a most enormous fan.

PAWKINS, MAJOR. Swinging himself in a rocking-chair, a large gentleman with his hat on, who amused himself by spitting alternately into the spittoon on the right-hand side of the stove, and the spittoon on the left, and then working his way back again in the same order . . . distinguished by a very large skull, and a great mass of yellow forehead; in deference to which commodities it was currently held in bar-rooms and other places of resort, that the Major was a man of huge sagacity.

POGRAM, THE HONOURABLE ELIJAH. A faint gentleman sitting on a low camp-stool, with his legs on a high barrel of flour, as if he were looking at the prospect with his ankles . . . He had straight black hair, parted up the middle of his head, and hanging down upon his coat; a little fringe of hair upon his chin; a white hat; a suit of black, long in the sleeves and short in the legs; soiled brown stockings and laced shoes. His complexion, naturally muddy, was rendered muddier by too strict economy of soap and water . . . He was about five and thirty; was crushed and jammed up in a heap, under the shade of a large green cotton umbrella; and ruminated over his tobacco-plug like a cow.

“PICKWICK IN AMERICA”

AMONG the many imitations which were born of the success of *The Pickwick Papers* was “Pickwick in America” by “Bos.” This appeared in 1838 as a sequel to the “Penny Pickwick” which had run its course for 112 weeks; this continuation, however, lived 44 weeks only. It was published by Edward Lloyd—who was responsible for so many similar publications—and the author was Thomas Peckett Prest, who had written the “Penny Pickwick,” and later concocted such monstrosities as “Oliver Twiss,” “Nickelas Nickelbery,” and “Mister Humfries’ Clock.” Its illustrations were advertised as by



Wrapper of a monthly part of “Pickwick in America,” 1839

"Phis." Through the courtesy of the editor of "The Connoisseur" we reproduce above the cover of a monthly part, and on the following pages four of the illustrations taken from a copy of the book supplied by Mr. William Miller, and forming the illustrations to an excellent article by Mr. F. Gordon Roe in the March (1941) number of "The Connoisseur."

NEW AMERICAN NOTES

BY G. H. STUART-BUNNING

IT is nearly a hundred years since Dickens first went to America, and, as everyone knows, wrote his *American Notes*, which, as Carlyle said, caused all Yankeedoodledum to blaze up like one universal soda water bottle. No wonder, for they and the American chapters in *Martin Chuzzlewit* give an exaggerated picture, and taken at their face value the reader would conclude that the United States was a land of cranks, crooks, persons of offensive habits, and murderers, with a not very convincing Bevan to save the land from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

In 1842 Dickens was a crusader perhaps a little too ready to see



"Mr. Weller arousing Mr. Pickwick previous to his journey to Hoboken"
From No. 9 of "*Pickwick in America*" (see page 33)

and denounce injustices, anomalies, and absurdities. He did not, like Don Quixote, tilt at windmills, but occasionally forgot his sense of proportion; and besides, he was furiously angry at the American piracy of English books. In 1867, however, on his second visit, he made that famous speech which is now printed as a postscript to *Chuzzlewit* and the *Notes*, in which he referred to the great changes that had taken place in the States, and added that some changes had taken place in himself. The changes in himself were the more important. The Crusader had become the Elder Statesman, more mellow, more able to see both sides of a question and more willing to make allowances.

I have been in the States on two occasions for fairly longish periods and have almost daily wondered what Dickens would have thought of things I saw and people I met. He wrote of Washington that it was a city of "spacious avenues that begin in nothing and lead nowhere"; what would he think now of that city of palaces and of the spacious avenues with their fine houses; avenues which on Sundays are black with motor cars, mostly small Fords, which the Americans with their gift of phrase call road-lice! What would he say of the skyscrapers of New York, which have nothing ugly about them except their name; for their majesty and beauty reminded me of the temples of Upper



"The Pickwickians visit to the Nigger Theatre at Philadelphia.
Mr. Pompey Puffypodge as Richard III."

From No. 14 of "Pickwick in America" (see page 33)

Egypt and Syria. When I first went to New York the Woolworth building with its 53 storeys was the tallest in the city, but in 1936 the Empire State reared its head 102 storeys. At the top one day, while admiring one of the most impressive views in the world, I turned to an American and remarked that I supposed that the Woolworth tower was less popular than it had been. His reply was: "Sir, now the Empire State is up, Woolworths have to pay people to go to the top of their little pimple." Boz would have chuckled over that as he would at the American guide who took me round on my first visit to Niagara. The Canadian fall is much the finer of the two, for except for a lovely piece called the Bridal Veil the American fall is grand rather than beautiful. The Canadian is also much larger, but my American guide thought nothing of these things and expatiated on the beauty of the American fall, somewhat depreciating the Horseshoe Fall as he would persist in calling the Canadian. I ventured to point out mildly that much more water came over the Canadian fall, on which he said: "Maybe, but who in hell wants water."

Dickens would have been as amused and exasperated as was I at the negro messenger allotted to me at Washington. Whenever I asked him to do anything he answered, "Right now, Sah," but it might be a couple of days before he did it, and no matter how much I cursed, he



"Mr. Sam Weller presenting to Mr. Pickwick the letter which he found"

From No. 30 of "Pickwick in America" (see page 33)

just grinned from ear to ear and said, "Right now, Sah." Then when an English friend and I were in an open taxi in New York, the driver stopped, entered into our conversation, and succinctly told us we were quite wrong. We happened to be talking of an English matter on which my friend is supposed to be an authority, but a little thing like that did not matter to the taxi-man !

A good deal of all this arises out of the perennial juvenility of the American which is apt to hit the Englishman in the eye at first, but which he learns to admire ; and it may be said that this juvenility was one of the chief factors in lifting the States out of the slough of the world depression. The American was too young in spirit to give way.

Dickens would have loved the little old lady who in 1919 showed two American cousins and myself round the City Hall in New York. The Duke of Windsor, who was then, of course, Prince of Wales, had been there a few days before, and while I was looking at some pictures the old lady was talking of the Prince. They told her that I had met



"Mr. Sam Weller's delight at again beholding the Valentine he had sent to his wife before their marriage"

From No. 36 of "Pickwick in America" (see page 33)

him and she bustled up to say all sorts of complimentary things about him. I thought I would gently chaff her, so I reminded her that she was an A 1 American and a Republican, and that our Prince was a Britisher and a Royalist of the Royalists. For a moment she was nonplussed and then she came back at me: "I am an A 1 American and a Republican, but I'm also an old woman and I know a nice boy when I see one!" She distinctly got the better of the exchange. A nice girl waited on us at Lake George and one day asked my wife a question which would simply be impossible from a waitress in this country, for she enquired what I did for a living. My wife meekly announced that just then I was doing nothing, on which the damsel emphatically said "Wal, a healthy-looking man like that ought to be doing something."

But the story Dickens would have liked best, for it contains both humour and pathos, is that of the old woman whom I met in Pennsylvania. In 1919 two Americans drove me to Gettysburg to see the national memorials of the Civil War, and on reaching the little town we stopped at an inn to order lunch. It must have been washing day or some such solemn occasion, for the old woman was not glad to see us and civilly but firmly told us she was very busy and we must take what we could get.

She turned to me and accused me of being an Englishman. There was nothing for it but to plead guilty and then she asked me whether I had met her son, Lieutenant Hiram B. Pegler. As many thousands of Americans came over, the chances were hundreds to one against my having done so, but by one of those accidents which do happen, I had. In February, 1918, I was in Paris and, having a day off, decided to go to Chartres by an early train to see its lovely cathedral and escape Long Bertha, who shelled Paris several times a day. Opposite me in the breakfast car was a young American officer who wanted something more than coffee and rolls, but as he spoke no French and the waitress no English I had to come to the rescue. We talked, exchanged cards, and his bore the words "Lieutenant Hiram B. Pegler." It appeared that he was killed the next day and I told his mother that I still had his card and as I was one of the last people to see the poor lad alive, I would give it to her. She gratefully accepted the offer, so I wrote my name on the back and handed it over with a word of condolence. Then ensued "a sea change"! She ignored my friends and asked whether for lunch I would like creamed chicken and waffles with maple syrup. I assured her that I had travelled three thousand miles especially to sample her chicken and waffles. When we returned a most delicious lunch awaited us, and although it was prohibition time, a bottle of whisky was shyly resting in a quiet corner.

I wish I could have told Dickens these and many other stories for he would have adorned them with arabesques of wit, humour, and style of which I am incapable. Above all he would have been confirmed in his good opinions of 1867.

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

IX

IN AMERICA 1842

IN the published *Speeches* there are only three delivered in the United States of America during 1842, the first at the dinner at Boston on February 1st, the second at Hartford on February 8th, and the third at New York ten days later. These were public dinners, but there were a number of private dinners which were sufficiently formal to permit of speeches. At least two of these have been preserved, the first in McKenzie's "Life of Dickens," published in America in 1870, and the second in the Richmond "Enquirer" of the week following the function. For both we are indebted to Mr. Glyde Wilkins's "Charles Dickens in America" (1911).

(1) AT WASHINGTON, MONDAY, MARCH 14TH, 1842

[The occasion was a private dinner given at Boulanger's Hotel. In addition to Dickens, John Quincy Adams and General Van Ness were invited guests.] The Hon. George M. Keim was in the Chair and proposed Dickens's health. Dickens, in his reply, said :

That if this were a public dinner he supposed he would be expected to make a speech ; as it was but a social party, surely no such effort would be expected of him ; and when he looked about the table and saw gentlemen whose positions in public life rendered it unavoidable that they should either speak themselves or listen to the speeches of others every day, his refraining upon this occasion must be far more acceptable, and surely possess more novelty than any remarks he might make—and he must be allowed to presume that here, in the enjoyment of the social hour, they will be happy to give their ears some rest, and he should therefore consider himself relieved from making a speech. He would, however, say that, like the Prince in the Arabian Tales, he had been doomed, since he arrived in this hospitable country, to make new friendships every night and cut their heads off on the following morning. But the recollection of this night, wherever he might go, should accompany him, and, like the bright smiles of his better angel, be treasured in his mind as long as memory remains.

[After a toast to *The Old Curiosity Shop* had been given, there was a toast to "The Queen of Great Britain," which was drunk standing ; and then Dickens said "Allow me to assume the character of Mr. Pickwick, and in that character to give you "The President of the United States'" which was also drunk standing. At eleven o'clock Dickens arose and said :]

I rise to propose to you one more sentiment ; it must be my last ; it consists of two words—"Good Night." Since I have been seated at this table I have received the welcome intelligence that the news from the dear ones has come at last—that the long-expected letters have arrived.* Among them are certain scrawls from little beings across the ocean, of great interest to me, and I thought of them for many days

* In the steamer *Caledonia*.

past in connection with drowned men and a noble ship, broken up and lying in fragments upon the bottom of the ocean. But there they are, and you will appreciate the anxiety I feel to read them. Permit me, in allusion to some remarks made by a gentleman near me, to say that every effort of my pen has been intended to elevate the masses of society, to give them the station they deserve among mankind. With that intention I commenced writing, and I assure you that as long as I write at all, that shall be the principal motive of my efforts. Gentlemen, since I arrived on your hospitable shore, and in my flight over your land, you have given me everything I can ask but time—that you cannot give me, and you are aware I must devote some of it to myself: therefore, with the assurance that this has been the most pleasant evening I have passed in the United States, I must bid you farewell, and once more repeat the words, Good Night.

(2) AT RICHMOND, FRIDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1842

[Dickens was the guest at a *Petite Souper* at the Exchange Hotel arranged by a few friends. He had already refused a public dinner, but when, the morning after his arrival on March 17th he was told that "there were several gentlemen of Richmond who would be happy to meet him at a social supper" that evening, the invitation was accepted. In about eight hours over one hundred gentlemen came together to do tribute to Dickens.]

In replying to the toast, "Charles Dickens, the Literary Guest of the Nation: We welcome him to the hearths and hearts of the Old Dominion," Dickens said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen, I am most truly grateful and obliged to you for the kind welcome which you have given me. I receive and acknowledge with gratitude this testimonial of your kindly feelings towards me. If it were possible to convey to you my sense and appreciation of your favours, I would indeed acknowledge as I receive your good wishes an hundred fold. But, as I said at a social party a few nights since at Washington—a party somewhat similar to this—it is my misfortune to be passing through this country with almost as rapid a flight as that of any bird of the air—the American eagle excepted. (Cheers.) I find, in my career amongst you, no little resemblance to that far-famed Sultan of the thousand and one nights, who was in the habit of acquiring a new friend every night and cutting his head off in the morning. I find another resemblance to what we read in the history of that Sultan. He was diverted from his bad habit by listening to the tales of one who proved a favourite above all the rest, so I am stopped in my original intention by the hospitalities of the Americans. (Cheers.)

I say that the best flag of truce between two nations having the same common origin, and speaking the same language, is a fair sheet of white paper inscribed with the literature of each. (Cheers.) If, hereafter, I think of this night, if I remember the welcome which you have assured me, believe me, my small corner, my humble portion of that fair sheet shall be inscribed with the hospitalities I have received from the friends I have seen and made here. (Cheers.) It has been said, gentlemen, than an after-dinner speech may be too long.

(Laughter.) If so, it may be said with more truth, that an after-dinner speech cannot be too short—(laughter)—and especially to those with whom to listen to a speech is no novelty—(laughter)—and among whom a man of few words is a rare and almost "literary phenomenon." (Great laughter and cheering.) I therefore deem it only necessary to say to you that I am most deeply and sincerely obliged to you for your kindness. (Cries of "Go on.")

In reference to the admonition tendered to me by my worthy friend, your President, I will say that it has long been a thing near my heart. But I hope that I shall never need the monitor of which he reminds us.* My situation forbids all paralysis of my pen—as I hope you will discover from November next, when I shall resume my literary labours. The hospitalities of America can never be forgotten among them, your kindness, certainly, never. Imagine me thinking of you to-morrow; imagine me on the railroad to Fredericksburg—on that Virginia road from Fredericksburg to the Potomac. (Here the laughter and cheering was overpowering. The President exclaimed, "No more of that Hal, an you love me.") In fact, throughout all my travels in these parts I shall think of the pleasure I have enjoyed in the bosom of your society. (Great cheering.)



"MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ"

BY WALTER DEXTER

IV.

SO far the public readings given by Dickens had been arranged by himself; when, after a lapse of nearly four years, they were resumed, the management was in the hands of George Dolby, acting on behalf of Chappell & Co. Thus started what Forster calls the Third Series of Readings, for which Dickens was relieved of all anxiety and responsibility. The first contract was for thirty readings; Chappell & Co. made all the arrangements and defrayed all the expenses, giving Dickens a clear fifty pounds for each reading. The first of them was in London on April 10th, 1866, when "Dr. Marigold" was read for the first time. Prior to this there had been two readings in Cheltenham, which were in fulfilment of an old engagement, and done by Dickens on his own account.

The first contract was followed by another, this time for forty-two readings at the increased fee of sixty pounds per night, or as Dickens put it in a letter to Forster, for an even sum of £2,500. The number of the readings was later increased to fifty. The full list is printed on the pages following.

At the commencement of the second portion of the series, "Barbox Brothers" and "The Boy at Mugby" were read for the first time.

* The President, Mr. Thomas Ritchie, had said that although Dickens had already done so much for them there was no reason why he should not do a great deal more. "Young as you are, you have won a proud distinction in the Temple of Fame. I pray you not to let your success turn your head or paralyse your pen."

THE THIRD SERIES OF READINGS

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Town.</i>	<i>Place.</i>
1866		
Friday March 23	Cheltenham.	Assembly Rooms.
Saturday (Aftn.) „ 24	Cheltenham.	Assembly Rooms.
Tuesday April 10	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday „ 11	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Thursday „ 12	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Friday „ 13	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Saturday (Aftn.) „ 14	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Tuesday April 17	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Wednesday „ 18	Edinburgh.	Queen Street Hall.
Thursday „ 19	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Friday „ 20	Edinburgh	Queen Street Hall.
Tuesday April 24	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday „ 25	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Thursday „ 26	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Friday „ 27	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Saturday „ 28	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Tuesday May 1	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday „ 2	London.	Crystal Palace.
Friday „ 4	Greenwich.	
Wednesday (Aftn.) May 9	Bristol (Clifton).	Victoria Rooms.
Thursday „ 10	Birmingham.	Town Hall.
Friday „ 11	Bristol (Clifton).	Victoria Rooms.
Monday May 14	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday „ 16	Aberdeen.	County Rooms.
Friday „ 18	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Saturday „ 19	Edinburgh.	Music Hall.
Tuesday May 22	London.	St. James's Hall.
Thursday „ 24	Portsmouth.	St. George's Hall.
Friday „ 25	Portsmouth.	St. George's Hall.
Tuesday May 29	London.	St. James's Hall.
Tuesday June 5	London.	St. James's Hall.
Tuesday „ 12	London.	St. James's Hall.
1867		
Tuesday January 15	London.	St. James's Hall.
Friday „ 18	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Saturday „ 19	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Tuesday January 22	Chester.	Music Hall.
Wednesday „ 23	Wolverhampton.	Exchange Hall.
Friday „ 25	Leicester.	Temperance Hall.
Tuesday January 29	London.	St. James's Hall.
Thursday „ 31	Leeds.	Mechanics' Institute.
Friday February 1	Leeds.	Mechanics' Institute.
Saturday „ 2	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.

<i>Date.</i>			<i>Town.</i>	<i>Place.</i>
1867				
Friday	February	8	Bath.	Assembly Rooms.
Saturday (Aftn.)	"	9	Bath.	Assembly Rooms.
Tuesday	February	12	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday	"	13	Birmingham.	Town Hall.
Thursday	"	14	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Friday	"	15	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Saturday	"	16	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Monday	February	18	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Thursday	"	21	Glasgow	City Hall.
Friday	"	22	Edinburgh.	Music Hall.
Saturday (Aftn.)	"	23	Edinburgh.	Music Hall.
Tuesday	February	26	London.	St. James's Hall.
Thursday	"	28	York.	Festival Concert Hall.
Friday	March	1	Bradford.	St. George's Hall.
Monday	March	4	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	Music Hall.
Tuesday	"	5	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	Music Hall.
Wednesday	"	6	Leeds.	Mechanics' Institute.
Thursday	"	7	Wakefield.	Corn Exchange.
Tuesday	March	12	London.	St. James's Hall.
Friday	"	15	Dublin.	Rotunda.
Monday	March	18	Dublin.	Rotunda.
Wednesday	"	20	Belfast.	Ulster Hall.
Friday	"	22	Dublin	Rotunda.
Tuesday	March	26	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday	"	27	Cambridge.	Guildhall.
Friday	"	29	Norwich.	St. Andrew's Hall.
Wednesday	April	3	Gloucester.	Theatre Royal.
Thursday	"	4	Swansea.	Music Hall.
Friday	"	5	Cheltenham.	Assembly Rooms.
Monday	April	8	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday	"	10	Worcester.	Music Hall.
Thursday	"	11	Hereford.	Shirehall Assembly Rooms.
Friday	"	12	Bristol (Clifton).	Victoria Rooms.
Thursday	April	25	Preston.	Theatre Royal.
Friday	"	26	Blackburn.	Town Hall.
Monday	April	29	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday	May	1	Hanley.	Mechanics' Hall.
Thursday	"	2	Warrington.	Public Hall.
Wednesday	May	8	Croydon.	New Public Hall.
Monday	May	13	London.	St. James's Hall.

FRIENDS OF THE DICKENS HOUSE

MORE help is needed. War Damage Insurance is in part compulsory, and this means an annual outlay of about £40, which cannot possibly be met out of current income.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A LIBRARY

By J. H. McNULTY

OUTSIDE frost had gripped the country in its stern grasp ; put in chains each bubbling brook and rippling stream, while snow the great silencer had muffled every sound ; the whole countryside was in its deep mid-winter sleep.

Inside the library the silence was of a different and deeper quality, for a deserted library is one of the most silent things in the world, and to-night, Christmas Eve, no one seemed to be present.

Here amid millions of words was silence ; in the midst of a crowd of noisy, bustling characters was a solitude. They were waiting for a reader to make them vocal. These characters are often so strong and vital that authors will tell you that once they get into a book, they will take control, wreck the author's original plan, and do what they like with the story, whether the author wishes it or no. Writers often do not agree with their critics in their appraisal of their work, and books, too, might well differ from the judgments passed on them by their readers. Books regarded as so much paper and print are dead things, but as books they have a certain life of their own. They may be as explosive as gun-cotton, or as gentle as the dew from heaven ; as poisonous as deadly nightshade or as healing as balm.

If we hold with Wordsworth that

“ Books are each a world ; and books we know
Are a substantial world both pure and good
Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.”

then may we not imagine that they may grieve at the undeserved neglect into which they have fallen or resent what they consider the unjust verdicts of critics and readers ?

To-night the silence was broken and there was a faint rustling among the books and a discussion seemed to be taking place on the shelves.

Many famous books of Victorian days were complaining that they were not read. They knew they were greater than many books which had appeared in more recent times which had obtained much praise and many readers.

In another part of the library a debate of a different kind was being held, a friendly discussion among the books on their respective claims to fame and the curious opinions held of them by their readers. The books were, however, as much at variance as the readers and any kind of agreement seemed utterly impossible. A large volume of Shakespeare had been chosen to preside, for he is supposed to be above criticism :

“ Others abide our question. Thou art free.”

He might, therefore, be more likely to be impartial, and he opened the debate with these words :

“ I trust that anything said to-night of a harsh or controversial

nature will not be taken amiss, but will be understood, in its Pickwickian sense."

This condescension on the part of the Bard was well received.

"For the most part," continued the Chairman, "you had better speak in order of publication. That will not excite jealousy. The *Sketches by Boz* is in possession of the house."

"I was the first book Dickens wrote," said the little volume, "and in a sense you all owe your existence to me. If I had failed Dickens would probably have abandoned the world of books and remained a reporter. It was my success that encouraged him to proceed along the flowery path of letters, so you all owe me a debt of which you and the world seem strangely forgetful. This is not an argument but a statement of fact, you owe your very existence to my success."

The Pickwick Papers followed :

"Let me ask," said the portly volume, "let me ask *Sketches* whether any one ever made a pilgrimage to Ramsgate because the Tuggses went there, or was particularly interested in Pentonville because Nicodemus Dumps had a 'first floor furnished' in that pleasant neighbourhood. People do go to Rochester because my friends made their first journey to that city. Many people re-read me every year, and even that learned and omnivorous reader in half a dozen languages, Professor Saintsbury, said 'he could scarcely let a year pass without re-reading the *Pickwick Papers*.' My position is unassailable and beyond question. The *Sketches* would long since have been forgotten if that were the only book the author had to his credit. I say nothing derogatory to my companions, but the world has decided and I abide by the decision. I need say no more."

Nicholas Nickleby next spoke. "My claim is that I destroyed the evil I attacked; Yorkshire schools are no more. It was not a mere alleviation of an evil but an entire uprooting of it. No other volume can claim such a complete success."

Then *Martin Chuzzlewit* came forward. "I have given the world the most beautiful pictures of nature to be found in any of the books; the description of late autumn with which I open my story, the long passage on that dark windy night before Martin embarked for America, and the threatening thunder-storm on the night when Montague Tigg was murdered. There is nothing equal to this in any of the other novels."

"Except the storm at Yarmouth," interjected *David Copperfield*. But *Chuzzlewit* took no notice of the interruption and continued. "I attacked a universal evil, selfishness, and the most subtle vice hypocrisy. My claim is, therefore, a triple one and none can bring forward one so powerful. My task was the most difficult of all and I chose it."

"If moral issues are to decide the greatness of books," said *Dombey and Son*, "I can claim first place for I attacked *Pride*, the greatest vice of all."

At this point a little book pushed its way forward. It seemed to be suffering from a grievance which it did its best to conceal.

"I am Dickens' greatest book," it said.

"What you, *Hard Times*," cried the others in chorus. "You are the least popular of any of us."

"Precisely," replied the little book. "My unpopularity is a proof of my real worth. Knowing the wretched taste of the public, popularity is a sign of worthlessness; look how the best sellers neglect the proof of worth. Ruskin praised me and the undiscerning ignorant multitude neglect me. My claim is unique. You are popular. I am not, therefore I claim to be the greatest work of our author."

David Copperfield then spoke. "I am Dickens's favourite child and he knew more than any of us. I need say no more."

Bleak House spoke next. It pointed out the frightful state of the law and how in consequence of its influence things had improved beyond the highest expectation, of how many it had saved from the heart-breaking law's delay which it had attacked with such vigour. It spoke of the host of amusing and pathetic and delightful characters that crowded its pages, of the mystery of Mr. Tulkinghorn's murder and how no reader would ever have solved the problem if the book had remained unfinished, and of having, alone among the author's books, given a picture of two perfect gentlemen, Cousin Feenix and Sir Leicester Dedlock.

Great Expectations merely said that according to many competent critics it was the most perfect of all the author's works and that its name was so good that any book might be proud to possess it.

Our Mutual Friend claimed to have altered the language and said that what the grammarians had condemned was now accepted everywhere as good English. "Dickens is Our Mutual Friend."

Then as no one spoke, the Chairman asked:

"Is the discussion ended, or would anyone else like to speak?"

"Perhaps I should say something," said a little volume. "I was born about this time nearly a hundred years ago. I was a best seller then and now at this season I am read and recited by hundreds—many know my words by heart. I have more than any other book linked the name of Dickens with Christmas, and thus ensured the permanence of his fame. Some nineteen hundred years ago the first Christmas Carol was heard, the eternal Carol, which is sung or said every year and through the greater part of each year. To-night it will be sung in thousands of churches throughout the world. It is because I am an echo, however faint, of that Carol that I shall be remembered when much else is forgotten."

Silence followed and the owner of the Library, who had been an unobserved listener, waited for more, but all was still. He had heard or dreamed that he had heard the conversation of the books. He walked towards the window and looked out, the sky was studded with innumerable stars. "Which among those lovely lights was . . . 'that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode?'"

"If the world grows harder and harsher then these books will be more than ever a much needed means of escape, a refuge from the cruelty around us; if the world becomes more gentle then it will be

more in harmony with the spirit of charity and kindness that breathes throughout these volumes. The Spirit of Christmas is immortal and every book which possesses that spirit will share in that immortality."

The owner rose and left the library, and as he crossed the hall to the parlour where the rest of the family were assembled, he heard the radio giving a broadcast version of *A Christmas Carol*. The words of Tennyson flashed through his mind :

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

He entered the parlour and as he did so children's voices greeted him. "The wireless is out of order to-night, atmospherics or something. Will you read us the story?"

"The old order returns," he muttered. "What did you say? Yes, of course, I'll read it with pleasure. Have you the book? Right, now listen :

'Marley was dead to begin with . . .'



PEEPS AT DICKENS

Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

XXXVII—AT THE PRESIDENT'S LEVÉE IN WASHINGTON

From the New York "Express," March, 1842

THE last levée of the season held by President Tyler was on the evening of Tuesday, the 15th instant. The City and District seemed to have turned out *en masse* at this last gathering of the People at the President's house . . . The greatest lion among the men was Boz, the never-ending Boz. He made his appearance between nine and ten, and the fifteen hundred or two thousand people present went in pursuit of him like hounds, horses, and riders in pursuit of a fox in the chase. It was in this trying time that brawny arms, robustious waists, and good understandings accomplished valorous feats. Alas for the weak, the modest, and timid ! Alas, too, for laces and silks, head-dresses, satin shoes, jewellery, and alabaster necks. The pillory or the stocks would have been a heaven upon earth. "Where is Boz?" says one. "Where?" "There!" and a sea of heads appearing like the waves dancing in a river at the incoming of the tide are seen, staring poor Boz out of countenance. He is encompassed and immovable, as the crowd in sort of a funeral march revolve around him, reflecting some of the brightness in a smile or a word of their adored author. The Peruvians never worshipped the bright "god of day" with more fervour than the people did this bright emanation of that genius and truth which, after all, is from above, and for the possession of which so much more is due to the Creator than the creature; one could not but pity Boz with a full heart. There he stood like patience on a monument, literally "smiling at grief."

Almost every countenance was a rueful one, because in the great press almost every one was kept in a most inconvenient and respectful distance. The people gazed, stared, opened their mouths, stretched their necks until the cords of their necks cracked and the limbs were extended to their utmost tension. The fever was kept up for some thirty or forty minutes, until Boz turned upon his heels to get rid of his two thousand good-natured American friends who had taken the President's house by storm. And there was no peace. Wherever he moved, it was like throwing corn among hungry chickens. They flocked around him here until he took leave of the President. He was then pursued to the dressing-room, and finally to his carriage, and probably to his house and chamber. In the general admiration, too, it is presumed that he found some dozen or two under his bed, in his bedroom closet, and perhaps, unconsciously, a bed-fellow with him. Well, "Hurrah for Boz" and "Hurrah for the Americans."

Those who have seen him, of course, never will be smitten with blindness—and if any of the thousands who have run and jumped, screamed and halloed to see Boz should find themselves in print after the fashion and skill of Squeers and Squeers's accomplished school and family, for example, why, they must not complain.

"Madame Boz" was the next of the lions most gazed at in the general menagerie. An honourable M.C. played the agreeable, and the crowd spared the better half to gaze upon the great lion.

XXXVIII—THE RECEPTION IN PHILADELPHIA

From "The Philadelphia Gazette," March 8th, 1842

MR. DICKENS—RUDENESS AND CRUELTY

Some of the morning papers contained a sort of semi-official announcement that Mr. Dickens would receive the calls of gentlemen between the hours of ten and twelve to-day. Consequently a crowd gathered there, and among others, curiosity led us to the United States Hotel. We found "Boz" in a large reception-room in the second storey, earnestly toiling away with all his might, shaking the hands of a dense crowd of people, as they promiscuously thrust out their digits, at the announcement by Colonel Florence, who appeared to be master of ceremonies. We understand that the invitation for gentlemen to call was wholly unauthorised, in consequence of Mr. Dickens's positive engagements and his rather delicate health, which must have suffered from the mistaken kindness and troublesome importunities of people before he reached this city. "Boz" has a very youthful look, with a profusion of hair and a winning smile, and a countenance decidedly affable. His voice, by which character is often indicated, we did not hear. We understand he will remain in town some days, and before he leaves, the citizens, doubtless, will have an opportunity of an introduction. But we beg of Philadelphians to respect this distinguished stranger, if they do not themselves. Do not obtrude upon his time and patience by needlessly taxing his physical energies, and thus rendering his visit one of *pain* rather than *pleasure*.

FACT AND FICTION OF AMERICA

BY W. LAURENCE GADD

THE publication of *American Notes* in 1842 and *Martin Chuzzlewit* in 1843 and 1844 met with a very hostile reception in America, and Dickens was soundly abused by certain critics and newspapers in that country for repaying with ill-nature, animosity and insular prejudice the lavish hospitality accorded to him on his first visit to the States.

And yet *American Notes* seems to me to contain more praise than censure, particularly of the public services as they existed in 1842, and in marked contrast with some similar services in our own country at that time. For Boston, where Dickens landed from the steam packet *Britannia* on January 22nd, 1842, he had nothing but praise and genuine appreciation. The custom house, and the politeness, attention and good humour of its officials, he contrasted with the much less satisfactory service in France and Britain; the town itself, and its public institutions and charities, were described as being as nearly perfect as the wisdom, benevolence and humanity of the people could make them; whilst of its university he said, "There is no doubt that much of the intellectual refinement and superiority of Boston is referable to the quiet influence of the University of Cambridge, which is within three or four miles of the city. The resident professors at that university are gentlemen of learning and varied attainments, and are men who would shed a grace upon, and do honour to, any society in the civilised world."

So, too, in other towns and cities he visited, Dickens found that in all the public establishments the utmost courtesy prevailed, and he was given every facility to visit prisons, asylums, schools, factories, and other institutions, most of which he described very favourably. At Lowell he was shown over several factories, which he said were models of cleanliness, order, and comfort, whilst the work-girls in them were equally commended. He also recorded that never once throughout his journeys in America did he see a woman exposed to rudeness, incivility or even inattention.

With one or two exceptions, the public institutions in New York were described very favourably indeed. Dickens considered the State prison to be a model jail, but he had strong doubts of the wisdom of the Pennsylvanian system of rigid, strict, and hopeless solitary confinement. In its intention, he was convinced that it was kind, humane, and meant for reformation, but was persuaded that those who devised the system, and the benevolent gentlemen who executed it, did not realise the harm they were doing. His conviction was that, apart from the mental anguish occasioned, its effect was to produce a morbid state of mind which rendered those who had undergone the punishment morally unhealthy and unfit to face the rough contact and busy action of the world.

The refuge for the destitute, the hospitals and schools, the literary institutions, and the fire department in New York, all struck Dickens

as excellent and well-conducted, but it would have been strange if he had seen nothing in a great and cosmopolitan city to excite his disapproval and indignation. He saw it in the city watch-house, where men and women, against whom no crime had yet been proved, were nightly confined in loathsome and disgusting dungeons which would disgrace the worst old town in Europe. But dirt and insanitation were not peculiar to the New York of 1842, and Dickens had condemned quite as strongly similar conditions in his own country.

Of New York society, he said it was generally polished and refined, and always hospitable. "I never thought," he wrote, "that going back to England, returning to all who are dear to me, and to pursuits that have insensibly grown to be a part of my nature, I could have felt so much sorrow as I endured when I parted at last with the friends who had accompanied me from this city. I never thought the name of any place, so far away and so lately known, could ever associate itself in my mind with the crowd of affectionate remembrances that now cluster about it."

The head and front of Dickens's offence, in the eyes of his American critics, seem to consist of his outspoken denunciation of the gutter press, the almost universal habit of spitting in public places, and, above all, the institution of negro slavery.

For the majority of American newspapers he had not a good word to say. "What are the fifty newspapers which these precocious urchins are bawling down the street?" he asks. "What are they but amusements? Not vapid, waterish amusements, but good strong stuff; dealing in sound abuse and blackguard names; pulling off the roofs of private houses, as the halting devil did in Spain; pimping and pandering for all degrees of vicious taste, and gorging with coined lies the most voracious maw; imputing to every man in public life the coarsest and vilest of motives; searing away from the stabbed and prostrate body-politic every Samaritan of clear conscience and good deeds; and setting on, with yell and whistle and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds of prey." Strong words, but honestly spoken.

Also he had something to say against the evils of politics. Despicable trickery at elections; underhanded tampering with public officials; cowardly attacks on opponents, with scurrilous newspapers for shields; and dishonesty in political life as exemplified by many members of the legislature; but he did full justice to those representatives of the people whose high character and honesty of purpose were unquestioned.

These strictures were written almost exactly one hundred years ago, and much has happened and progressed since then. I do not think any American of to-day can feel resentment against Dickens for his caustic remarks on the above heads; nor did, perhaps, those friends of his across the Atlantic, to whom he dedicated the book, who, loving their country, could bear the truth when it was told good-humouredly and in a kind spirit.

In the last chapter of the book Dickens summed up the character of the American people in these words: "They are, by nature, frank,

brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm, and it is the possession of these latter qualities in a most remarkable degree which renders an educated American one of the most endearing and most generous of friends." These words, written by Dickens so long ago, surely express the sentiments we feel towards our American friends of to-day, especially the members of the Fellowship whom many of us have had the felicity of greeting in this country.

In *Martin Chuzzlewit* Dickens was more direct and forthright in exposing the vices and follies of individuals, both in America and in his own country. But *Martin Chuzzlewit* is a novel, written for entertainment and amusement, and is not a photographic picture of society as a whole—it would be a dreary business if it were—but concerned only with the doings of the members of one family and the people with whom they came in contact. To this end Dickens naturally, and in his usual manner, selected the most strongly marked types of eccentrics, cranks, oddities, and frauds from which to evolve his humorously drawn characters, for Colonel Diver, Jefferson Brick, Elijah Pogram, and even Hannibal Chollop, whose whole philosophy was comprehended in the phrase, "We must be cracked up," are all conceptions more humorous, in English eyes, than serious. They no more represented American life and character, as a whole, than did Pecksniff, Tigg, and Mrs. Gamp represent English life and character in the same book. As Mr. Bevan remarked to Martin Chuzzlewit, almost on the first day of the latter's arrival in New York, "Heaven forbid that they should be samples of the intelligence and virtue of America, but they come uppermost, in great numbers, and too often represent it."

For this reason it is rather difficult to understand the fierce resentment and angry criticism with which the book was received. The portrayal of the red-nosed, rum-drinking Shepherd in *Pickwick* was not regarded as an attack upon the religious institutions of our country, nor were Wackford Squeers, Pecksniff, Slurk and Pott, and Sampson Brass taken to imply any systematic derogation of the scholastic, architectural, journalistic, or legal professions. There are black sheep in every fold, and Dickens pilloried these, and these only, both here and in America.

Such types on the other side of the Atlantic were all as accurately drawn from life as were those on the English side. President Theodore Roosevelt, who was an uncompromising and rather severe critic of Dickens and his works, said, in his letters to his children, that what Dickens wrote about the people described in *Martin Chuzzlewit* was quite true. It was not fair, because those characters did not represent the country, but the descriptions were true and not exaggerated. He also said, in a recorded conversation at the White House, that Jefferson Brick, Elijah Pogram, and Hannibal Chollop were all real personifications of certain bad tendencies in American life, and he was constantly thinking of some newspaper editor, senator, or homicidal rowdy by one of those three names.

Dickens's real sentiments towards America were expressed in the

conclusion of Chapter 34 of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, when Mark Tapley described how he would paint the American Eagle—like a bantam, for its bragging; like a magpie, for its honesty; and like a peacock, for its vanity. "And," said Martin, "like a phoenix, for its power of springing from the ashes of its faults and vices and soaring up anew into the sky."

In 1868, when Dickens made his second visit to America, the phoenix had already risen; the old rancour was forgotten and the postscript was added to *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

TO INTRODUCE DICKENS

WELCOME is yet another Life of Dickens,* in spite of its numerous predecessors. The author, an American journalist of world-wide reputation, has written a most attractive book which she calls "Introducing Charles Dickens." It is addressed to those of the younger generation who are about to discover for themselves the hosts of friends who await them within the covers of the novels and who wish to know something about the man who created them. We can suggest no better Christmas gift for such readers, for here the story of Dickens's life is made as romantic as that of David Copperfield and in a style that rolls along like a stage-coach carrying the young reader breathlessly with it. The neglected child of Camden Town, the jilted reporter and the obscure magazine contributor suddenly turned best-seller, are all romantic enough, but Mrs. Becker does as much for all the infinitely less colourful periods of the novelist's life.

Naturally, no place is found here for analytical criticism, but the reader will find many illuminating spotlights focussed upon favourite characters—a delightful disquisition upon Mr. Guppy, for example.

The author knows her Dickensland very well too, although a few errors have crept into the text. These, however, will not worry the readers for whom the book is intended, although possibly a mystifying absence of any reference to Portsmouth may. It is a pity that the groundless legend of Dickens's garden-study at Doughty Street should be revived, but, on the contrary, it is good to see that the Portugal Street Old Curiosity Shop receives no support.

The book is most tastefully produced and is embellished with many full-page illustrations and numerous attractive wood-cuts in the text.

Finally, if any Dickensian is undecided upon its purchase as a gift this Yuletide, may we add that all royalties form a Cratchit Shelter Fund for the aid of youthful Britishers who have or who may suffer at the hands of the enemy. The American royalties have already provided a Charles Dickens Ambulance which is functioning in London.

L. C. S.

BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON 1942

THE one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the birth of Dickens will be celebrated by a luncheon in London on Saturday, February 7th. Arrangements cannot be made far in advance, but if those desirous of attending will send in their names to the Hon. Secretary at 23 St. Andrew's Road, Bedford, before December 31st, full particulars will be sent to them when ready.

* "Introducing Charles Dickens," by May Lamberton Becker. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. London: Geo. G. Harrap & Co., Ltd.

AMERICA 1842

A DICKENS DIARY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

[Although Forster makes no mention of it, Dickens kept a diary of his American trip. This is what he wrote to Forster from Washington on March 13th, 1842 :

"If I were to write you a letter of twenty sheets, I could not tell you this one day's work ; so I will reserve it until that happy time when we shall sit round the table at Jack Straw's—you and I, and Mac—and go over my diary."

There is, unfortunately, no trace of this diary. According to Forster, Dickens based his *American Notes* mainly on his letters to his friends. In compiling this diary we have relied principally upon Dickens's letters to Forster and other friends.—THE EDITOR.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1842.

Mitton at 5.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2ND, 1842.

To Liverpool in great comfort. Adelphi Hotel.

MONDAY, JANUARY 3RD, 1842.

Viewed our "State-room" on the *Britannia* steam-packet, twelve-hundred tons ; a profoundly preposterous box ; not the remotest reference to the gorgeous bower sketched on the plan hanging in the agent's counting-house ; two almost inaccessible shelves ; a very flat quilt, a very thin mattress ; two horsehair perches to sit upon. We all laughed immoderately at the ludicrous proportions. The Saloon also not up to pictorial idea ; not unlike gigantic hearse with windows in the sides ; not nearly as large as in one of the Ramsgate boats.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4TH, 1842.

On board at one o'clock. Eighty-six passengers ; all dined together—a rather formidable party. Sea calm ; little motion ; fewer at tea ; less whist playing than expected. "Turned-in" at twelve ; everything slopes the wrong way.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5TH, 1842.

Wind fair ; dry. Read in bed a good deal ; reeled about the deck a little.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6TH, 1842.

Ditto ; ate hard biscuit perseveringly. Not ill, but going to be ; drink cold brandy-and-water with an unspeakable disgust.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1842.

Heavy sea this morning.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12TH, 1842.

Have been excessively sea-sick for several days ; Kate not recovered yet ; not ordinary sea-sickness ; but lying all day long, quite coolly

and contentedly ; with no sense of weariness, but no desire to get up or take the air. A kind of universal indifference. Once I believe I got on deck ; said " Cork soles " to the captain, sat down in a pool of water, and was humanely conducted below.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13TH, 1842.

Only a dream can call up again in all its fury, rage, and passion, the appalling storm we have encountered this night ; words cannot express it. At midnight, sea through the skylights, bursting doors and roaring and raging down to the ladies' cabin ; occupants continually rolled backwards and forwards from one side to the other.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14TH, 1842.

Bed impossible. " Tumbled up " on deck at noon ; ocean and sky all one dull, heavy, lead colour. Life-boat crushed in storm like a walnut-shell ; a mere faggot of crazy boards. Planking of paddle-boxes torn sheer away ; chimney white with crusted salt ; topmasts struck ; storm-sails set ; rigging all knotted and tangled ; a gloomier picture would be hard to look upon.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1842.

Now comfortably established by courtesy in the ladies' cabin ; only four other passengers here besides myself, Kate and Anne. Weather still bad ; captain, as usual, says it will change " to-morrow."

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16TH, 1842.

Sea still heavy.

Lord Mulgrave laid a wager with 25 other men in the fore-cabin that he would reach his cabin first ; they were well wrapped up in coats and storm caps, but the sea broke over the deck so violently that they were for five-and-twenty minutes holding on by the handrail at the starboard paddle-box drenched to the skin and not daring to go on or come back lest they should be washed overboard.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17TH, 1842.

Off the banks of Newfoundland. Our appetites are much better. Usual daily meal times ; at one, a steaming dish of baked potatoes and another of roasted apples, plates of pig's face, cold ham, salt beef, or a smoking mess of hot collops. At five, another dish of potatoes, boiled, hot meat of various kinds, including hot pig, said to be a cure for sea-sickness ! Dessert of apples, grapes, and oranges. Whist follows ; when seas are rough the cards will not lie on the cloth, so we put the tricks in our pockets as we take them.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19TH, 1842.

Weather much calmer last few days ; decks dry. Running into Halifax Harbour with little wind and bright moon, we struck a bank of mud—fault of the pilot. Boat sent off to ascertain position ; officer returned with a young tree plucked by the roots to prove to certain distrustful passengers that he had actually been ashore. Lay there all night until the tide turned. Turned in at three o'clock.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21ST, 1842.

Greeted at Halifax by a brilliant morning—like an April day in England. Glad to leap upon the firm earth again ; we have a wait of seven hours. Met by the Speaker of the House of Assembly ; piloted to the Governor's house (Lord Falkland) ; people give me hearty reception ; visited the House for opening of the session ; sat next the Speaker's Chair, the observed of all observers, listening with exemplary gravity to the queerest speaking possible.

Cheerful, thriving and industrious town.

Expect land at Boston to-morrow afternoon. Held meeting in Saloon for presentation to Captain ; collected fifty pounds for piece of plate with suitable inscription. To him do we owe our very lives ; never again will I trust myself to the ocean on a steamer. Consider, if the funnel were blown overboard the vessel must be instantly on fire from stem to stern ; also the 700 tons of coal a vessel must carry, in a ship of only 1,200 tons burden ; she must be either too heavy when she comes out of port, or too light when she goes in. The daily difference in her rolling as the coal burns out is absolutely fearful ; full of fire and people, and no boats.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22ND, 1842.

Landed at Boston at five in the afternoon ; quite dark. Greeting quite overwhelming ; Dr. Palmer of the Boston Transcript went off to book rooms for us at the Tremont House, recommended by Macready. Francis Alexander, the painter, otherwise took charge of us. Particularly amused at the antics of the local newspaper editors who scrambled aboard at the peril of their lives—as one said, “because they liked the excitement of it.” At first I thought they were newsboys, so like were they, with great bundles of newspapers under their arms, to the fraternity which jump aboard at London Bridge. Met at hotel by British Consul, T. Colley Grattan, and several others. Excellent dinner ; learned that “right away” is the same to a waiter as “directly.” During dinner, a perfect siege of invitations—specially for Church to-morrow, and a deputation headed by James Russell Lowell from a committee of the young men of Boston to a public dinner in my honour. After Kate and Anne had gone to bed Mulgrave and I went for a short stroll through unknown streets with a little crowd following.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1842.

First to the Custom House with Mulgrave—about two miles ; much impressed by the attention, politeness and good humour of its officials. Cold crisp clear air ; houses very bright and gay with brightly painted signboards to very red bricks and very white stone ; buildings slight and unsubstantial, looking exactly like a scene in a pantomime ; so much so that I expected to see a few of them change into something, and a clown and pantaloons to appear. A beautiful city ; large and elegant dwelling houses, extremely good shops, buildings handsome. After dinner Pierre Morand called and made a pencil sketch of me. Later saw more of the town with Mr. Grattan, and in the evening had an hour's conversation with Dr. Palmer, the editor, who was so kind to us on our arrival. Grattan tells me of the number of letters of introduction sent out, and advises a daily reception.

MONDAY, JANUARY 24TH, 1842.

Sat to Dexter for a bust. Morand called with his finished drawing, on which I complimented him. Meanwhile vainly coped with a mass of correspondence. Many visits from prominent men and their wives. Captain Hewitt at dinner. After dinner, taken to the State Capitol by Grattan and Sumner; introduced to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, Bigelow; and then into the Senate Chamber itself; introduced to the President of the Senate, Josiah Quincy; theatre in evening, where they played Charles O'Malley followed by a special Boz Masque in my honour. The audience gave us a great ovation as we entered our box.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25TH, 1842.

Alexander, 41 Tremont Row, for a sitting at ten. Another great reception at his studio. Mulgrave left to-day for his post in Montreal—where I have promised to act when I go there on my way home. Shall miss his delightful company. More callers in the afternoon; particularly attracted to a professor of Greek at Harvard University, name, Felton.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26TH, 1842.

Dexter again at work on the bust.

Another sitting to Alexander, and again besieged by a great crowd, specially ladies. Alexander suggested a young pupil of his named Putnam to help me deal with my fast growing correspondence.

Another reception in the afternoon; but a particular private one to Longfellow—who came with Sumner, and Dana, Jun.; sorry the father did not come as well.

Ball in my honour at Papanti's Dancing Academy.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27TH, 1842.

George W. Putnam came to me this morning on the recommendation of Alexander, and he will remain with me during the whole of my stay in America. I am to be responsible for his board and lodging and will pay him the modest sum of ten dollars per month. He will indeed be most helpful for I have a correspondence of a secretary of state, and the engagements of a fashionable physician; and he will take care of all for me.

Mr. David Colden arrived from New York this morning to make arrangements for my public reception in New York a fortnight hence. There is to be a ball and a dinner; 150 names appear on the list of the committee.

Dined with Francis C. Gray, Beacon Street, where met Dana, Prescott, Sparks, Ticknor, Curtis, Alexander, and some others.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28TH, 1842.

Dexter again at work on the bust while we breakfasted; he is a self-made man, married to the niece of Alexander, who has been of great help to him in his career.

Dinner at William H. Prescott's, 22 Bedford Street.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1842.

Sumner and Chapman, the Mayor, escorted us to the Blind Institution, of which Sumner is on the Board. The marvellous achievements here

of Dr. Howe in the education of Laura Bridgman was already known to me. She is a fair young creature possessing only the sense of touch. Howe told me the whole story, how she was taught to read and write and speak; a remarkable story of achievement. Hers was a face radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Afterwards to the nearby State Hospital for the Insane, where I saw many excellent and enlightened principles of management similar to our own Hanwell. There are several institutions in this part of Boston; no charity uniforms, which I found worthy of commendation; the House of Correction and that of Industry; they will provide excellent material for my proposed book. Presentation to Captain Hewitt at the theatre at one. Very tired; wrote to be excused from dining at the Hilliard's.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30TH, 1842.

With Sumner and Longfellow to hear Father Taylor at the Seaman's Bethel.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31ST, 1842.

Alexander, 10. Round the town with Felton—a good fellow. What do the oyster-cellars do when oysters are out of season? Dando, the oyster-eater. National Theatre, $\frac{1}{4}$ past six. They have been playing an atrocious version of "Barnaby" which wild horses would not drag me to. They played "Ten Thousand a Year."

My reception here, as everywhere, can hardly be imagined; there never was a king or emperor on earth so cheered and followed by crowds.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1842.

Dr. Howe called early and we had a long talk about his work for the blind. The great dinner at Papanti's (for which tickets were 15 dollars) has been the greatest success Boston has ever known. President Quincy in the chair; reception remarkably enthusiastic; in spite of this I had to make some reference to the burning question of copyright. But I finished with the toast "England and America—and may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them." Eloquent and affecting speeches from the two Quincys; Dana, Wendell Holmes, Allston, and others; the party did not break up until after one o'clock. Altogether it was a most superb affair and the speaking admirable. 180 guests.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND, 1842.

Breakfast with Dr. Channing, 83 Mount Vernon Street. He is everything Forster and Carlyle say of him. His age alone prevented him from coming to the dinner last night.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1842.

With Grattan to Lowell, the Manchester of America; my first ride on an American railway; special cars for negroes; cars like shabby omnibuses. Lowell, populous, thriving; visited many factories owned by companies called corporations; all the girls well and suitably dressed and healthy in appearance. Work-rooms all well ordered; also the boarding houses, and own hospital with resident doctor; the people at home would be astonished that they could do such things as they have done.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1842.

To Longfellow's for breakfast at Craigie House. Felton calls at nine thirty; later visited the College Library, where again met Dana. In afternoon, Court House in Boston, where the counsel *sits* during his interrogation of witnesses.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH, 1842.

Leave Boston by afternoon train for Worcester. Dana to breakfast; many callers to say good-bye.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH, 1842.

Worcester, the prettiest "town" in New England; all the buildings so fresh; as if they had been painted that morning; a pleasant Sabbath peacefulness on everything, which it was good to feel.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1842.

Started at nine by rail to Springfield, where a deputation of two was waiting to receive us. Only 25 miles by road to Hartford, but condition so bad at this time of year that it takes 12 hours to accomplish. Fortunately the river was not frozen, although huge blocks of ice were floating about; a very small steamer of about half-a-pony power in which a dwarf might have lived and died happily, took us, in under three hours, to our destination, Hartford. Here we lodged in quite an English inn; the committee of management the best that has yet presented itself; considerate and thoughtful even to their own exclusion. Kate's face being bad decided to cancel the Newhaven visit and to remain here until Friday.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1842.

Entertained to dinner at City Hotel by a party of about seventy. My remarks on copyright were very well received.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1842.

Dine with Colonel Grant.

A beautiful serenade outside our bedroom door at past midnight; the exceptionally fine singing, led by a nephew of Quincy Adams, moved us more than I can tell.

The newspapers make great outcry against me on the copyright question. They are blind to the fact that it affects their writers more than it harms us.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1842.

Have been by no means idle; reception every day for two hours, receiving from two hundred to three hundred at each. Have visited Insane Asylum and the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; both almost as good as in Boston. This place, too, has the best jail for untried offenders in the world.

I have made many friends here and shall leave it with regret. Left at 5 o'clock for New Haven, 3 hours by railroad. Shook hands with more than five hundred people before going to bed; Yale College here is the largest in the States. New Haven is a fine town, known also as the City of Elms. Serenaded in bed by the most beautiful singers—Kate and I very much moved.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1842.

Up early for breakfast as steamboat started at nine o'clock for New York. Its name was also New York; and looked less like a steamboat than a huge floating bath. Delighted to meet on board the Greek Professor from Harvard, Mr. Felton; made very merry together. Arrived New York $\frac{1}{2}$ past two; and in the Carlton House at three—a splendid set of rooms.

David Colden called, and later Washington Irving.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1842.

To St. John's Church with ex-President Van Buren.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1842.

Dine with Charles A. Davies, 365 Broadway—he is author of the Major's letters in the Daily Advertiser.

Ball at the Park Theatre in my honour; theatre specially decorated; about three thousand present; the most extraordinary spectacle the city has yet seen. Tableaux from my works particularly well done and most gratifying.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH, 1842.

Dine with Colden, Laight Street.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1842.

Fitz-Greene Halleck to breakfast, 10-30.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1842.

Dinner with the Committee at Astor House; they beg me not to mention International Copyright to-morrow, but I told them that as I did not intend to spare them when I got home—the shame was theirs, not mine—I would not be silenced here; fortunately all my friends and the respectable newspapers are strongly in my favour. But the vagabonds take great credit to themselves for having published me in their newspapers and elsewhere and made me popular. And to think I have never had a penny piece for it all.

Irving, Prescott, Hoffman, Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Allston—every man who writes in this country is devoted to the question, and not one of them dares to raise his voice. That I, a stranger, should venture, struck the boldest dumb.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1842.

Great consternation here at delay in arrival of the Cunard Packet *Caledonia*, left Liverpool on the fourth. Extremely anxious to get news from home. God grant she may not have gone down; but intelligence comes of heavy gales.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH, 1842.

No letters yet; Putnam and luggage gone to Philadelphia this morning. I here record the vow I made on landing, not to return home by steamer; instead of riding on the tops of the waves, they cleave their passage through, and are under water the whole time. It is the most damnable invention out upon the wide ocean.

Paid fortnight's bill here last night ; £70. We have dined out every day except one and have had only four bottles of wine.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2ND, 1842.

Visited the "Tombs" Prison. Amazed that men and women against whom no crime is proved can be allowed to lie here all night in perfect darkness, surrounded by noisome vapours. Such indecent and disgusting dungeons as these cells would bring disgrace upon the most despotic empire in the world ! A man died here and was half eaten by rats in an hour !

THURSDAY, MARCH 3RD, 1842.

No news of *Caledonia* ; no letters ; another packet on the way. Kate having a bad sore throat, and distressed through lack of news, we did not leave on Tuesday as arranged. Find climate very trying.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1842.

Left New York at last ; arrived Philadelphia eleven at night after six hours journey. The universal habit of spitting makes travelling extremely disagreeable.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8TH, 1842.

The Eastern Penitentiary, near Philadelphia, is the only prison in the world, I believe, on the principle of hopeless, strict, and unrelaxed solitary confinement ; wonderfully kept, but a most dreadful, fearful place. It is absurd to make any notes of my impressions of this place for they are written, beyond all power of erasion, in my brain.

Party at Carey's, the bookseller, in the evening. He married Leslie's sister.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9TH, 1842.

Left Philadelphia at five o'clock this morning. We have been comfortably lodged here, but the landlord not only charged us half rent during the time he had expected us, and we did not come - which is quite right ; but he added to the bill full board at the rate of nine dollars a day, when we were actually living in New York. Said it was the custom ; what else could I do but pay ; my disputing an item would draw down upon me the sacred wrath of the newspapers - and he knew it.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10TH, 1842.

Visited the Capitol and White House this morning. The President has a good face, manners very mild and gentlemanly ; surprised that I was so young. The twenty gentlemen in the lower room awaiting audience expectorated considerably ; wrought a complete change in the carpet while I was there.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13TH, 1842.

Great joy ; the *Caledonia* has arrived ; the distance between us and home is diminished by at least one-half.

Dinner with Quincy Adams at 2.30. At Robert Greenhow's at half past five. Adams a fine old fellow - seventy-six, has most surprising vigour, memory, readiness, and pluck.

(To be concluded)

TWO WORLDS

BY G. M. YOUNG

SOME years ago, the occasion being the appearance of a very grandiose edition of Dickens's Novels, I pointed out that it was not really an edition at all, and that the time had come when Dickens ought to be treated as scholars treat their authors—with *apparatus criticus* and explanatory notes. I ventured to indicate the names of two masters of Dickens lore who seemed to me ideally qualified for the undertaking, and, if ever they answer my appeal, and set hands to the task, I think they would be well advised to call Mr. House into their counsels. He knows his text well—not only the novels, but the short stories, and those occasional and journalistic pieces which are in a way the link between the world as it was and the world which Dickens made out of it. And he knows his history too. In fact, as I read Mr. House's book,* I found myself composing, out of it, introductions to the Novels, and notes on many passages and characters, over which I had often reflected and sometimes been puzzled. The natural level at which Dickens moves most easily is well above the ground, and he sees the world below through an atmosphere of his own creation. But then, in a moment, he swoops down, and there he is—like one of those birds of prey who take their food by jumping on it with their feet, tearing it with their beaks, and screaming, all at the same time. Parliament sets him off, so does the Law. But Sir William Houldsworth has only discovered, I think, two mistakes in Dickens's law, and he is cited in a Report by a Select Committee of the House of Commons as the earliest authority for the Anticipating Motion.

One of the ancients said that the two pleasantest things in life were to walk along the sea and to sail along the shore. Much the same pleasure awaits the reader of Mr. House's book, as, under his guidance, he turns his eye backwards and forwards between the world as you or I might have seen it had we lived in those days, and the same world as it is—certainly not reflected, not exactly distorted, but taken to pieces and recomposed—in the novels. Money, Politics, Religion, the Social Scheme, are here reviewed, and here we see with what a wavering eye Dickens observed them all. I most thoroughly endorse Mr. House's disapproval of those who would turn him into a kind of social historian, where you can look up Chimney Boys or Law Reform or Improved Lodging Houses. You may find them—but you may also find that Dickens has got his dates all wrong, or that he has seen only one facet of a most intricate business. He was, for example, passionately concerned about the education of the people. Trollope could have written a novel round Kay Shuttleworth. Charles Reade could have made the Minute of 1848 the theme of an admirably documented tale. Dickens sat down and drew that dark and terrible figure of a schoolmaster, Bradley Headstone, and his pitiful aspiring apprentice, Charlie Hexam. Indeed, I think he leaves us with the impression that there was something to be said for that other school, kept by Mr. Wopsle's great aunt with Biddy as her helper. And whether the world had really gained or lost when the homely squalour round Euston gave way to the Doric portico and the steel lines stretching in endless perspective to the North, I doubt if Dickens could have told

* The Dickens World, by Humphry House. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

us ; or, with any assurance, have told himself. No ; on this ground he is vehement, restless, uncertain : if we spend too much time with him there, we may find ourselves asking whether after all he is great enough to carry his own defects. But let him spread his wings, and we ask no longer.



FROM RECENT BOOKS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

"MRS. WIGGS'S" AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"The incident has repeatedly been related how Charles Dickens, passing through Louisville in 1842, made an insulting remark to the proprietor of the Galt House, who promptly threatened to throw him out of the window. The true version, as told by one who knew, is that it was Captain Frederick Marryat, famous writer of sea tales, who visited the hotel about the time Dickens did, and got into a quarrel with the proprietor.

"Owing largely to the genius of Charles Dickens, there is no city in the world so associated with Christmas as London. His name, more than any other, stands for the half-pagan, half-religious festival. Up to his day Christmas had largely been a matter of religious ceremonial or lavish entertaining on the part of the rich. Dickens made the institution democratic. Being a master at depicting happiness, he could take the most forlorn hovel on the most blustery night, light a Yule log on the hearth, put a savory brew on the stove, and get the family in such a merry uproar that, before you knew it, the place was spilling over with the Christmas spirit.

"With all this in mind, it seemed most fitting that we should celebrate the day by going to see a dramatized version of the great novelist's *Nicholas Nickleby*, a delightful comedy produced under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship.

"... 'Punch' quoted a provincial paper as saying, 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' a screen version of Charles Dickens's famous story, was soon to be presented.' 'Punch' added, 'We may next have a dramatization of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the well-known American novel by Alice Hegan Rice.' " "The Inky Way," by Alice Hegan Rice. (Appleton-Century.)

* * * * *

EDMUND WILSON ON DICKENS

"... Mr. Wilson takes Dickens very seriously and we are bound to admit that Dickens gives him every help. We must forget, if we can, the immense comedy of what Mr. Wilson calls, disparagingly, the 'Dickens characters'—the pageantry of Mrs. Gamp, Mr. Wemmick, Dick Swiveller, Sim Tappertit, Mr. Dick, and the Nipper, and so many more who are scarcely mentioned by Mr. Wilson or dismissed merely as fabrications—the immortal inventions for whom nearly everyone reads Dickens in private ; we must, regretfully, consider the wound rather than the bow in Dickens's personal and public life.

"Mr. Wilson follows and goes much beyond the school of Gissing and Shaw, who insisted on the serious social import of Dickens and the tragic depths of his work. He reminds us that Dostoevsky called Dickens his master, and suggests that the darker complexion of the novels (which the easy-going following of Dickens before and after Chesterton took as a hilarious and sometimes hysterical excursion in theatrical melodrama) is tragically real, and probably the truth of Dickens. If it came to be a question whether Jonas Chuzzlewit or Mr. Toots were more interesting, Mr. Wilson would say that autobiographically, psychologically, and sociologically Jonas had far more to tell us about Dickens. There are personal emotion and a moral judgment behind Jonas, he might say, but in Mr. Toots there is nothing but the amusement of a humorous caricature.

"Dickens's obsession with crime, prisons, murder, and pathological conditions is remarkably shown by Mr. Wilson, from the earliest description of Newgate in *Sketches by Boz*, through the guillotines and hangings of *Pictures from Italy* and *Barnaby Rudge* and the inquiries into solitary confinement in *American Notes* and the letters to "The London Times" on capital punishment, to the last unsolved murder in *Edwin Drood*. It is an impressive catalogue and it increases, Mr. Wilson says, in psychological intensity and desperation. The social criticism that has been sufficiently written about is really an outward form of Dickens's inner torture, and more and more in his later works he came near to what he wanted to say.

"Mr. Wilson emphasizes the early life of Dickens, the cruelty, pathos and horror of the child in the blacking factory with his family in the Marshalsea prison; and Dickens, who had, as I believe Forster said, a good deal of self-pity, does seem to show by his half-talking, or pointedly refusing to talk, that the wound had never healed. The other side could, of course, be equally emphasized: Dickens's resilience to his early experiences, his delight in Rochester and the English countryside, his happy release in the autobiographical parts of *David Copperfield*, his compensations in the incredibly successful transference of a difficult life into a delightful fiction.

"But this is Mr. Wilson's essay, which he calls 'The Two Scrooges,' and it is the morose Scrooge, the Scrooge by himself, not the Chesterton-Woolcott, that he is interested in presenting. It is suggested that Dickens, like Scrooge, was a manic-depressive, that the merriment was momentary and easily gave way to a dark brooding over the evils of the world to which he had been so cruelly subjected. A childhood cursed by the cruelty of organized society, Mr. Wilson writes, will turn into a form of criminal or rebel; and Dickens, in his imagination, turns into both and constantly recurs to them in his fiction, beginning with the rebel and ending with the criminal. This side of Dickens's nature is undeniably true, and it is completed by Mr. Wilson in a brilliant explication of the murder in *Edwin Drood*, involving the mysteries of Kali and her worship by the Thugs and their use of hypnotism. To these criminal mysteries the experience of Dickens has carried him and one must now read his novels with a new interest; and yet the comic and popular Dickens will not, as he would say himself, 'be put down.'"—"The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature," by Edmund Wilson. (Houghton Mifflin.) Review by Peter Monro Jack in "The New York Times Book Review," August 24th, 1941.

DICKROSTICS

BY WALTER THOMAS

No. 6

Answers to the following clues, arranged in order of books (Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 19 concern the life of Dickens), when re-arranged, will, by their initials, form a famous saying and the name of the person who said it: nine words in all indicative of landmarks on a stretch of country well known to Dickens.

1. "The birthplace of his fancy," says Forster (9).
2. The Dickens abode was the second house on this Terrace (8).
3. Dickens was a clerk here at eight bob a week (2 words 7, 9).
4. Miss Evans knew this part of a title (5).
5. The scene of some of Mr. Pickwick's "unwearied researches" (8).
6. You can trace "every name in Schedules A and B without meeting with" this (10).
7. "Everybody whose genius has a topographical bent knows perfectly well" what this place is (9).
8. The scene of a remarkable adventure connected with a four-poster and a lady (7).
9. About which "there is a repose" (2 words, 4, 6).
10. The last London inn of Pickwick (8).
11. A great man once "traced to their source the mighty ponds" here (9).
12. A Pickwickian scene of many festivities (2 words, 7, 4).
13. A meeting place of the Queer Client (2 words, 10, 8).
14. "It is gone now, and the world is none the worse without it" (10).
15. Street or Prison, it is all the same (5).
16. The scene of a merry tea-party with sad conclusion (9).
17. "He be a soizable 'un, he be" (2 words, 2, 5).
18. The London address of a Yorkshire-man (2 words, 8, 4).
19. Hotels of this name at Broadstairs and Aldersgate Street (6).
20. The "small public-house at Hatfield" from which a sudden exit was made (2 words, 5, 5).
21. A famous circus (7).
22. Bloters burnt it down (7).
23. There was a maypole in this forest (6).
24. "There are still worse places than" this "on a sultry day for basking in the sun, or resting idly in the shade" (6).
25. In "a kind of paved yard near the Monument" (7).
26. A character had "a shrewd notion" that it "was a desperate sort of place" (9).
27. No garden this (4).
28. "A long-legged young man with a very little empty donkey-cart" lurked near here (7).
29. A house here had "the private bell handle let into the left hand door-post" (2 words, 3, 5).
30. "Cookery would have been more to the purpose" (7).
31. The end of the journey referred to in this quotation (5).
32. Dora lived here; so did William Hall (7).
33. "A black dilapidated street, avoided by all decent people" (3 words, 3, 3, 6).
34. Where Kenge and Carboy were located (2 words, 3, 6).
35. You fall into it "down two little steps, and come to your senses in a miserable little old shop with two little counters" (8).
36. Where everybody had heard of Miss Havisham (6).
37. Otherwise Enough House (2 words, 11, 5).
38. Its "present appellation is doubtless derived from the legend of its conventual uses" (2 words, 4, 5).

(Solutions will appear in the next number.)



A DICKENSIAN GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER

(Answers to Questions on page 230, vol. 1941)

- 1, 39; 2, Victoria and Albert Museum, London; 3, *Master Humphrey's Clock*; 4, Rosa Dartle; 5, The Lamplighter; 6, (a) O.M.F., (b) D.C., (c) O.C.S., (d) L.D., (e) S. by B.; 7, Mr. Grimwig; 8, Two; 9, Mrs. General's; 10, In the Marshalsea Prison; 11, (a) John Harmon, Julius Handford, (b) Weevle; 12, the Brass's; 13, Landlady of an Inn; 14, Littimer; 15, (a) Kingsgate Street, (b) Lant Street, (c) Bleeding Heart Yard, (d) Brig Place, (e) Goswell Street, (f) Satus House; 16, (a) Wanities, (d) Spinnage, (c) Discipline, (d) Visdom; 17, Mr. Dick; 18, Judy and Bartholemew; 19, Trent; 20, at the George and Vulture; 21, Dottheboys; 22, Herbert Pocket; 23, Milestones; 24, Mr. Pickwick; 25, "Do other men; for they would do you"; 26, "Now six foot, come on"; 27, "On the Day of Judgment"; 28, Tigg Montague; 29, Five; 30, "And the Ghost's Bargain"; 31, Tatty-coram; 32, Polly Toodle and Richards; 33, Robin Toodle; 34, The Screw; 35, Mrs. Marigold; 36, Miss Skiffins.

THE CRATCHIT SHELTER FUND LAUNCHED

THE war-time activities of the Charles Dickens School, Lant Street in the Borough, were referred to in our last issue. On October 30th it was the scene of a very pleasant function. As a send-off to Mrs. Becker's book, "Introducing Charles Dickens," noticed on another page, Messrs. Harrap, the publishers, held a Reception to which representatives of the Fellowship, the press and other interests were invited.

Mr. Geo. Harrap introduced Mrs. Beatrice Warde, of the American Outpost in Britain, the daughter of the authoress. In a moving speech, Mrs. Warde handed to the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, a cheque for one hundred guineas, representing the advance English royalties and other moneys received by her from America; and subsequently Messrs. Harrap added a gift of ten guineas. These funds form the nucleus of the Cratchit Shelter Fund, the administration of which has been entrusted by Mrs. Warde to the Dickens Fellowship. Mr. Leslie C. Staples responded, and later made the first allocation of the funds, a cheque for thirty-five guineas to Mr. H. F. Rutherford, Secretary of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormonde Street.

A specially bound copy of the book, signed by all present, was entrusted to the care of Mrs. Warde for her mother, as a souvenir of the occasion.

As this very pleasant function drew to a close, the Memory of Charles Dickens was honoured in punch, and from a corner emerged the figure of the author speaking once again the most appropriate words on Anglo-American friendship that he uttered in New York in 1868. The passage of seventy years finds them as pregnant with meaning as ever. Finally, the thanks of the company to their hosts were admirably voiced by Sir Harry Brittain.

L. C. S.



No. 1. BRANCH LINE, MUGBY JUNCTION

THE Tiny Tim Cot Fund of the Rugby Branch now stands at £340 14s. 7d., an increase of £48 18s. 2d. for the year, this amount having been raised principally by the collection of Victorian pennies. This was disclosed at the annual meeting of the Branch, which although reduced to thirty-three members, has yet a larger balance in hand than before. Two guineas have been sent to the Friends of the Dickens House Fund.

This is excellent showing for war time. Regular monthly meetings are proceeding as usual.

OVERSEAS COMMENTS

"We all enjoy *The Dickensian* greatly and we marvel at the regularity with which we receive it."—(Palos Verdes Branch.)

* * * * *

"The September *Dickensian* received only three days ago. I was beginning to fear that it had suspended publication, and as it is the most prized and eagerly awaited periodical that comes into this home, such a fate would be a calamity indeed."—(A Philadelphia member.)

THE DICKENS

Dr.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

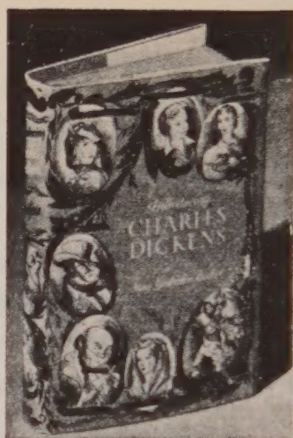
	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates		90	2	6						
" Printing and Stationery			4	2	11					
" Salaries		102	0	0						
<i>Less Contribution by " The Dickens House "</i>		51	0	0						
" General Expenses and Postage			51	0	0					
			45	18	8					
<i>Less Amount charged to The Dickensian</i>			191	4	1					
			54	19	9					
" <i>The Dickensian</i> supplied to Headquarters Members						136	4	4		
" <i>The Dickensian</i> supplied to Branch Secretaries			66	16	6					
			11	6	6					
" Charitable and Philanthropic Expenditure—								78	3	0
Donation to Cot Fund			15	15	0					
Sundry Donations			5	5	0					
Christmas Entertainment for poor children (Philadelphia donation)			24	14	8					
								45	14	8
" Depreciation of Library, Pictures and Furniture								5	10	5
" Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet			93	12	5					
								£359	4	10

BALANCE SHEET

	LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Sundry Creditors							1 4 0
<i>The Dickensian</i> —							
Current Account			197	12	11		
<i>Less Loan Account</i>			44	9	8		
							153 3 3
Life Membership Fund—							
As at 31st December, 1939			330	15	0		
Subscriptions received during year			10	10	0		
							341 5 0
Special Reserve Fund							758 7 6
Costume Department—							
Balance as at 31st December, 1939			176	10	11		
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure during year			0	16	6		
							177 7 5
Advertising Fund			75	2	10		
Dramatic Section			3	14	3		
Collectors' Circle			0	14	5		
War Comforts Fund—							
As at 31st December, 1939		6	2	0			
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure during year		7	18	6			
						14	0 6
							93 12 0
Income and Expenditure Account—							
Balance at 31st December, 1939			4	5	4		
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year			93	12	5		
						97	17 9
Deduct Loss on <i>The Dickensian</i> for the year			38	12	11		
							59 4 10
							£1,584 4 0

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the verified the Investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.



Introducing Charles Dickens

MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

"Who reads Charles Dickens? Everybody, sooner or later—and they keep on doing so." Thus says the author in the Foreword to her book, in whose pages Dickens lives again. Dickens lovers can meet him here as an old friend; young people who are just discovering for themselves his humanity and genius can get to know him quickly, consolidating the friendship later as they read more and more of his works.

A HARRAP BOOK